



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 35 – Number 1

May 2017

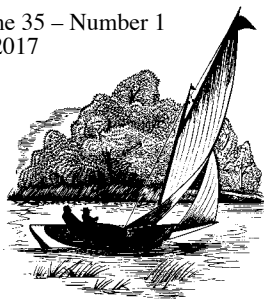
Special Features This Issue
Reminiscing – Mulsae Holidays on Grenada Lake
Log of Passage – Downhearted...a Cautionary Tale
Tinkerbelle in Cleveland – Your Good Old Outboard
Resurrecting Old Wooden Boats – Garvey Project



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On the Cover...

Nice sailing shot this month, it's a painting by John Guidera, recently deceased member of the Delaware River Chapter of the TSCA. You can view more of his work on page 13, reprinted from the *Mainsheet*, that Chapter's monthly online newsletter.

2 – *Messing About in Boats*, May 2017



Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

In mid March we received an online announcement from our local Essex Shipbuilding Museum that they were scheduling one of the National Boatbuilding Challenge events on April 1. As we had not yet attended one of these "entertainments" that are now appearing hither and yon around the country, this seemed to be a handy time to do so, only eight miles from home. The format sets a four hour time limit to build a 12' skiff which, after completion, must successfully be rowed in a rowing contest. It was started in 2007 by *WoodenBoat* magazine as a circuit of regional boat building contests. One early participant is holding its 10th Annual Beaufort Challenge on May 6 at the North Carolina Maritime Museum Wooden Boat Show when 18 two man teams go at it trying to beat the current building record of 2 hours 12 minutes.

If Beaufort is too far away for some, the Hudson River Maritime Museum in Kingston, New York, has such an event scheduled for June 24 (see more on page 4). There are no doubt others elsewhere but these are the only ones we have heard of, aside from the local Essex one. And now, just as I write this, our local one has been postponed due to another springtime winter storm coming through this first weekend in April. I wasn't all that pumped about it anyway as the concept of speed building a small boat doesn't grab me. I sorta view boat building for pleasure as a process to be savored along the way and not rushed to completion to beat the clock.

I noted that the idea has been picked up by maritime museums and the juxtaposition of building a skiff in four hours on the former site of the Story Shipyard in Essex, builder of hundreds of Gloucestermen fishing schooners from the mid 1800s into the 1920s, struck me as maybe irrelevant to the museum's purpose focused on the building of the vessels that made Gloucester the nation's pre eminent fishing port for a couple of hundred years.

We don't hear too much from maritime museums about what they are up to, with the outstanding exception of the Chesapeake Maritime Museum (CBMM) which does seem to feel that you might find what they are doing of some interest and keeps us fully informed (see pages 6-7). We sit here on the Massachusetts North Shore amongst a half dozen or so maritime museums from whom we seldom hear anything at all. From time to time we ventured forth amongst them on our own initiative when someone alerted us of what might be happening of interest.

In 1990 the Essex Shipbuilding Museum took delivery of the remains of the 1920s fishing schooner *Evelina M. Goulart*, culminating when what seemed to be the entire town gathered to watch her be hauled out on the

town ramp after a long tow by tug from the bottom of New Bedford harbor, only to slip off the temporary railway. Eventually moved into the adjacent museum yard she sits today under a roof, her conversion into a cutaway of an unmodified fishing schooner yet to happen.

Another marine railway experience we chronicled was at Maritime Gloucester's site on Gloucester's inner harbor when the schooner *Adventure* was hauled out on their real working marine railway while undergoing some of her 20 or so years of restoration to finally become, in 2016, the city's tall ship.

The National Park System's Salem Maritime Historic site, which includes that city's half mile long Derby Wharf which goes back to the 1700s, became the homeport of *Friendship of Salem*, a replica of a 1797 East Indiaman built in the Scarano Brothers Shipyard in Albany, New York, in 2000. We got to go on a press junket on her return trip from having her masts installed at the Charlestown Navy Yard in Boston (home of *Old Ironsides*) to Salem under bare poles (she had no sails as yet) and "colonial" Diesel power, 25 miles over an oily swell that subdued the enthusiasm of many of the landlubber news hawks aboard.

Back in the early 1980s Newburyport's Custom House Museum sponsored the Annual Mighty Merrimack (River) Rowing Race in which we rowed along to experience it for readers. The race is long gone but the museum carries on in its downtown granite pile, the actual custom house for the then major international trade port.

The Peabody Museum in Salem provided us with our first local TSCA meeting place for a number of years in the 1980s, despite being chiefly an ethnological museum full of artifacts brought home by Salem East Indiaman skippers. It had some maritime undertones that justified our presence. It subsequently merged with the local history focused Essex (County) Museum to become the Peabody/Essex Museum.

There are more, but one final peek at a modest "museum" at Amesbury's Lowell's Boatshop on the Merrimack River, a National Historic Site touted as the longest running boatshop in the nation (since the late 1700s). Last year we reported on a visit by our local TSCA Chapter where we spotted a modest hand lettered sign over the steep stairway to the lower floor reading "Museum." Sure enough, all sorts of stuff going way back in the shop's long history was scattered about, with a lava flow of paint going back 150 years covering part of the floor. And proof of the genuine nature of much of what we viewed came when opening a door opposite the foot of the stairs revealed a one holer where a peek into its depths revealed, what else, the Merrimack River.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

I still have this yearning, this affinity, for the Old Haying Grounds, that island hard by the bank where, a century ago, the locals used to pasture their stock and harvest salt marsh hay. That overgrown, that salubrious, that fondly idyllic island and its many memories have sustained me longer than most things of this world. I built a cabin there, and canoed the mile and a half from the ferry landing to arrive there just so I could have some peace of mind. At twenty-five, having lived a couple of years in the fast lane, I had an urgent need for some peace of mind.

I sank some cedar posts and, not knowing any better, attempted to float some four inch hickory poles there for my sills. Well, they were green, and weighed more than the water, and it's fortunate they didn't drag me and my canoe to the river bottom when they sank. I settled for some old chestnuts, three by eights about twelve feet long, which I stood on edge atop three posts each.

My cabin would be only eight by twelve, and four of that determined to be a porch with an overhung roof. With a fold up bunk, an eight by eight living space sufficed. As a ship's cabin, everything fit and everything was provided. I had a big mop sink in one corner, provided water by three hanging polyethylene tanks of 20 liters each, which in turn were filled by runoff from my roof. I had a two burner wood stove built into an enameled, waist-high, steel cabinet. I could open the cabinet door in front to access two shelves where I stowed my cup, and plate, and bowl and, underneath, my kindling.

A wicker rocker, a tiny table, a built in clothes chest, an old metal locker to keep the mice from my food completed my furniture. A broom, an ax, a bucksaw, a Coleman lantern, a sleeping bag, skillet, and teapot rounded my repertoire. One window ledge held a score of books: Leaves of Grass, Tao Te Ching, The Lord of the Rings, Walden, and Just So Stories; poetry of Dylan Thomas and Edna St. Vincent Millay; plays of Pirandello; essays of Loren Eiseley; and my old favorites: Kidnapped, David Balfour, and The Black Arrow. And, of course, a fat, dilapidated dictionary and my battered, tear stained notebook. My other window opened to let in the rain.

There wasn't much I wanted. A book and a drink and a smoke and a load of quiet after a dull day's work in the machine shop followed by a leisurely paddle upriver. Summertime, I would rock on my porch and read and talk to the phoebe who'd perch upon my door. When it proved too quiet some evenings, when there was naught to hear but the sighing of the huge silver maple that stooped to my roof, I would drag my canoe through the whispering ferns the hundred yards to the river, slide her in, and wend across the water.

A couple of miles brought me to Chester Creek. A mile up the creek stood a restaurant where I could lose myself in the menu, jaw with the owner, amaze the waitress. A mile walk would bring me to the village of Chester with its friendly tavern, or a two-mile walk would take me to Deep River. I could settle into the local inn, and spend the evening with friends and music and undemanding conversation.

And then would arrive that hour in the early-on when the inn would close and I had to trudge the well-known road that returned to Chester Creek. Behind the darkened restaurant I would drag my little canoe from her hidey hole in the cattails, and begin the three mile paddle back to my island. Against the breeze, like as not, and sometimes against the tide. When both worked in my favor I could tuck the paddle under my arm and steer while I counted the stars. When both were against me I hunkered up forward and paddled and paddled and paddled.

When it was warm it made for a pleasant excursion, When it was raw it didn't. But when I was young, and I still am after a fashion, a bit of weather proved exhilarating. When I returned I could build a fire, thaw out my beard, and get a couple of hours sleep before I paddled down to the Landing, then walked a mile uphill to go to work. Before I met the folks in the Yellow House beside the River, I carried my canoe to and from work.

Gosh, I must have had energy in them days...

Matthew Goldman aka Constant Waterman, Author and Illustrator

To view and purchase my books and cards please visit

<http://www.constantwaterman.com>



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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

OkoumeFest

A Boat Builders' Rendezvous

Mark your calendars wooden boat lovers and builders, Chesapeake Light Craft will present its 19th annual small boat rendezvous on Friday and Saturday, May 19-20, 2017. OkoumeFest features an open house with technical seminars on Friday at the CLC plant in Annapolis, and on Saturday an on the water rendezvous at Matapeake State Park on Kent Island. This event is RAIN OR SHINE. Please note that if thunderstorms are detected nearby we'll bring the boats off the water.

The Friday seminars are useful and interesting, but the highlight of OkoumeFest always comes on Saturday, when we bring virtually everything in our shop over to the beach at Matapeake for our friends to paddle, row, sail and generally put through their paces. We also welcome fellow boat builders who bring their beautifully built watercraft to show and compete for best in show honors. This event also is a special chance to try some of the boats, like Pocketship, which we can't usually take on the road with us, and some that are new designs, like the Outrigger Junior.

Attendance is free on both days this year but please register so that we can plan for the hordes. More than 300 people joined us for last year's OkoumeFest, not only to attend boat building seminars or have a test run in one of CLC's 55 demonstrator boats, but also to show off boats they had built themselves. CLC offers awards to amateur built boats, many of which took hundreds of hours to build and look like exotic furniture. The event draws small boat aficionados from as far away as New England, Florida and the West Coast.

Chesapeake Light Craft, Annapolis, MD, www.clcboats.com

Hudson River Boat Building Challenge

Planning efforts are already underway at the Hudson River Maritime Museum for a spectacular event this summer. The first Annual Boat Building Challenge is coming to Kingston on Saturday, June 24, 2017. The Boat Building Challenge will be the featured attraction at the museum's annual Hudson River Day, which is again urging the community to "Get Out on the River!"

The Hudson Valley region is invited to continue enjoying and learning about the river's tradition of industries like boat building and its heritage of water related activities such as boating, kayaking, rowing and canoeing.

This June date marks the qualifying event for the fastest boat builder in the world. And what better tradition to champion than building a boat along the historic Rondout waterfront. Award winning teams of builders will be traveling to Kingston to compete, including winners from previous challenges.

Eight business sponsored two person teams will build 12' Carolina Bateau rowing skiffs in less than four hours and produce boats which will then be raced in a rowing competition on Rondout Creek. Boat building speed, craftsmanship and sea worthiness are requirements for winning. A "practice build" on Saturday, June 3, will continue sparking community pride and enthusiasm. For further information call (845) 338-0071x20.

About the museum: Located along the historic Rondout Creek waterfront in downtown Kingston, New York, the Hudson River Maritime Museum is a 501 (c)3 non profit organization dedicated to the preservation and interpretation of the maritime history of the Hudson River, its tributaries and related industries. In 2016 HRMM opened the Riverport Wooden Boat School.

Hudson River Maritime Museum, Kingston, NY, www.hrmm.org

Information of Interest...

Sea Education Award

At its recent mid winter conference in Boston, Tall Ships America, the national organization for hundreds of educational sail training vessels, awarded the Gundalow Company its coveted Sea Education Award for "Excellence in Education Programs Under Sail." In the five years since the launch of *Piscataqua*, thousands of school children from 46 different schools throughout the Maine and New Hampshire region have been out on the water to learn about sailing, maritime history and marine ecology of the waterways in their back yards.

"The Gundalow Company is one of the most serenely successful vessel organizations in operation today. Their programs onboard *Piscataqua* are a wonderful fusion of history, heritage and environmental stewardship," says Captain Dan Moreland, a long time member of TSA and Founder of *Picton-Castle*, a 180' square rigged tall ship. "A sail on the *Piscataqua* lets students of all ages experience the local waterways and make connections between the region's past, present and future."

Thanks to everyone who has supported the gundalow! We are excited for the upcoming year of school trips, public sails, private charters and many special events.

The Gundalow Company, Portsmouth, NH, www.gundalow.org



Retractable Pilotheuses

In Doc Regan's March "Over the Horizon under 'Inland Waterways'" he states, "Now Steiner Marine Construction is building a retractable pilothouse that can be lowered during high water situations. What a marvelous age we live in."

There is absolutely nothing new about retractable pilothouses as surely he must know. In the mid '80s I contacted Stewart Petroleum in southern Maryland requesting that they help bring a newly donated skipjack up the Potomac to Port Tobacco where I was based with a boat restoration program. They agreed with the proviso that I had to wait until a smaller yard tug was available. I waited much of the fall of that year.

They finally told me to meet up with the designated tug at mid stream. My dinghy at the time was an inflatable with a 3hp outboard. I pulled my new acquisition off her dock with a long towline. When well out of harm's way I looked up searching for the tug. Lo and behold, it wasn't a small yard tug but the *Poppa Guy III*, a 90' heavy duty pushing tug crawling sideways across the harbor to lash my boat alongside. I had imagined being towed astern but no, the skipjack was lashed alongside with proper fendering and secured with the assistance of power winches.

Along the way up the Potomac my friend, who was helping me, told me that a crew member told him about the pilothouse being able to go up and down. I wasn't ready to accept that and went on up to the skipper to get it straightened out. On my way I passed a strange ladder with angled steps lying on the deck along side the pilothouse. Well, he was right and I was wrong. The pilothouse surely was designed to raise high to be able to see over the "tow" which was positioned ahead as it was a pushing tug not a towing tug. Pictured is the tow of the skipjack *Mary W. Somers* lying to outside of the Port Tobacco river 35 miles south of DC on the Peconic River.

Ray Hartjen, East Hampton, NY



End Grain Balsa Cores are Okay

I wish to take issue with Mr Weissinger's comment on balsa cored hulls and decks (March issue). I have owned two boats with end grain balsa cored hulls and decks. They held up quite well and had the advantage of no "weeping" around the holes created for fasteners. As "sheet" cores, balsa had the same failure points as non marine/aircraft plywood. As end grain cores, they worked quite well.

C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, FL

Loss of Coastal Land

Doc Regan, in the February 2017 issue, fell victim to the "experts" in their discussion of "the continuing loss of coastal land and the impact of sea level rise near New Orleans." The loss of land is real. Construction of levees to keep the Mississippi River from flooding adjacent farms drastically reduced silt loads historically dumped at the Delta. Now the riv-

er's flow of less silty water is washing previously deposited Delta soil out into the Gulf. Thus the loss of (geologically) recently formed "land," several miles of it in some places.

Sea level rise is more complex. The current (last 30 years) rate of rise is 3mm per year. That's one foot per century, not 1', 2', or 3' in the next 50 years. The perceived rate of rise near New Orleans is largely due to sinking (subsiding) land level. That "land" was silt deposited on the delta over the past 10,000 years. It is still compacting and it is also still depressing the earth's surface with its weight.

Maine and Alaska are experiencing the opposite. Their shores see "falling sea level" because the weight of glaciers was removed over 10,000 years ago and the land is still rebounding from the weight loss. The earth's surface is remarkably pliable when looked at over geological time. go to tidesandcurrents.noaa.gov/sltrends/sltrends.

Nick Fast, Hilton Head Island, SC

This Magazine...

Thanks to Tim

I write to express my gratitude to Tim Weaver for the chance to revisit Robb White's wonderful down home stories. A little bit of Joshua Slocum, a lot of Huckleberry Finn, perhaps the best writing to have graced the pages of your wonderful magazine.

Jock Yellott, Richmond, VA

Shantyboats are Captivating

Thanks for the coverage of shantyboats in the March issue. I, too, find them captivating. The idea of putting one on a trailer for a mash up of RV/cruise captures my imagination. I keep thinking of building one or converting an old tri hull found cheap/free into one. I also greatly enjoyed the article on powerboat mini trawlers a few issues back. Terrific, thanks.

Reagan, San Antonio, TX

Endorses Extra Support

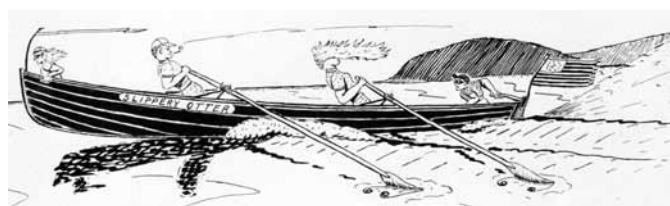
As both a long time reader and getting to be more forgetful every year, I want to make sure that I continue as a subscriber and devotee. I know my subscription needs to be renewed somewhere around the first of the year, so now must be the time or near to it.

Years ago I suggested in a letter to the editor that all renewing subscribers round up their renewal to the next \$10 level. I don't know if any (or many) are doing that but I will continue as long as I am a subscriber.

On another note, I am delighted to seeing some of the Robb White classics being rerun. I had the pleasure of meeting Robb at his SW Georgia boat works a year or two prior to his death. Meeting and spending an afternoon with him sits deep in my fond memories.

Best of wishes to you and all those around you, there are many friends of yours scattered about the country, keep up the good work.

Paul Breeding, Broomfield, CO



To those of you who are seeing our magazine for the first time as a free sample issue:

Did you find it of interest?

Enough to want to see more?

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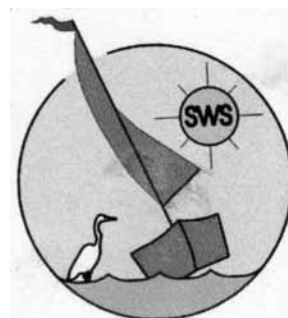
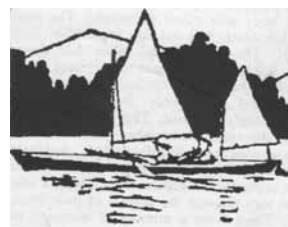
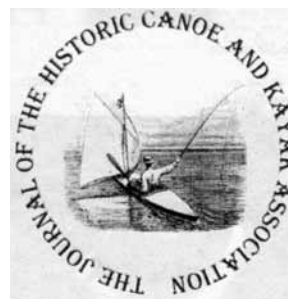
If it really grabs you just send us your check for \$32 for a full year (12 - 60 page issues) with your full mail address and it will begin to arrive in your mail with the next issue.

Not sure? Then risk only \$8 for a three month trial subscription. When that concludes we'll send you a renewal notice suggesting you sign up for another full year.

This sample issue is #670 since May of 1983. We've been around for 32 years and plan to be around for many more.

No need to send in any order form (there isn't any). Mail your check for either choice payable to Messing About in Boats, at 29 Burley St, Wenham, MA 01984-01943 with a note including your mailing address. That'll do it.

Thank you, Bob Hicks, Editor/Publisher



7th Annual *Elf* Classic Yacht Race

Launching early from Annapolis and ending in St Michaels, Maryland, the 7th Annual *Elf* Classic Yacht Race brings the centuries old tradition of yacht racing back to the Chesapeake Bay on May 13. The Classic Yacht Restoration Guild, Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum and Eastport Yacht Club are once again sponsoring the annual race, which includes a fleet of antique and classic sailing yachts, both large and small. Race proceeds benefit CYRG and CBMM, where race participants will be greeted along CBMM's Fogg's Cove and the winners announced at a trophy reception later in the day.

Organized by CYRG, the race features America's oldest active racing yacht, the 1888 *Elf*. Restored to historically accurate condition and relaunched in 2008, *Elf* is a Lawley built 30' Class cutter. *Elf* pioneered offshore yacht cruising in 1893 by being the first small craft to race round trip from Marblehead, Massachusetts to Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The May 13 race features a nautical Le Mans start, beginning with a captain's meeting on land, followed by the sound of a whistle, signifying each yacht captain's mad dash to a tied up dinghy or tender. Next the captains row out to their moored vessels and waiting crews before tying up their tenders and raising anchor with up to 30 yachts racing off from Annapolis in a cloud of white sails across the Chesapeake Bay.

"It's very unusual to see a single classic yacht on any given day, so watching a fleet of them sailing away from the anchorage and into St Michaels is an incredible experience," said CYRG President and *Elf* skipper Rick Carrion.

The event begins at 8:00am at the Eastport Yacht Club where spectators can watch the fleet depart Annapolis against the scenic background of the US Naval Academy. The race can be seen as it crosses the Chesapeake Bay to the Eastern Shore and into the Eastern Bay, and the Miles River.

The race concludes at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum where onlookers will greet the fleet of classic racing yachts as they arrive along CBMM's Miles River waterfront, anchoring off in Fogg's Cove. The race ends when all captains have rowed to shore and signed the race log on land.

In addition to custom made awards, a special award for the winning boat is also up for grabs. Carrion says Fordham Brewing of Dover, Delaware, is generously donating the winning captain's weight in beer.

"We're very excited to be partnering with Fordham again for the race," said Carrion. "They are great supporters of CYRG and CBMM and they help give our captains one more reason to win."

To see a documentary and race footage of the *Elf* Classic, go to bit.ly/ElfClassic. CYRG is a non profit, member organization dedicated to the preservation of maritime heritage through the maintenance and operation of *Elf*. She was designed by George Lawley & Sons of South Boston, Massachusetts, and built in 1888 for William H. Wilkinson. Over the warmer months, she can be seen dockside at CBMM and under sail along the Miles River and Chesapeake Bay.



The 1888 racing yacht *Elf*, the flagship for the 7th Annual *Elf* Classic Yacht Race (Photo credit Russell Levi)

The sandbagger *Bull* charges ahead during the Chesapeake Bay's 6th Annual *Elf* Classic Yacht Race. *Bull* was recognized as first underway in the 2016 race and second to finish in the dayboat class. *Bull* and *Bear* can often be seen at the National Sailing Hall of Fame in Annapolis, Maryland, with a short documentary film about the identical sandbaggers at bit.ly/sandbaggers.



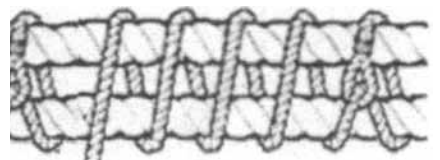
Tall Ships to Visit CBMM

The schooner *Sultana* will be at CBMM from mid day on Friday, May 12, through Thursday, May 25. *Sultana* will visit CBMM again Friday, June 23, through Monday, June 26. While at CBMM, *Sultana* will be hosting students in an under sail environmental science program on the Miles River during weekdays and can be seen dockside over the weekend. *Sultana* serves as an on the water classroom for learning about the history and environment of the Chesapeake Bay. An almost exact replica of a British schooner that patrolled the North American coast just prior to the American Revolution, *Sultana* provides day long programs as well as live aboard programs for participants.



Sultana

Maryland Dove will arrive at CBMM on Thursday, July 6, and can be seen out on the Miles River and at dockside through Monday, July 10. Local school groups will be touring the ship with *Dove* open for boarding to all CBMM guests from 9am to 5pm, July 8 to July 10. The public is invited for free public access to *Maryland Dove* on July 8, 5pm to 8pm. *Maryland Dove* is a recreation of the late 17th century trading ship that brought the first settlers to what is now Maryland. Built in a shipyard near Cambridge, Maryland, *Dove* is owned by the state of Maryland and operated and maintained by the Historic St Mary's City Commission.





Maryland Dove

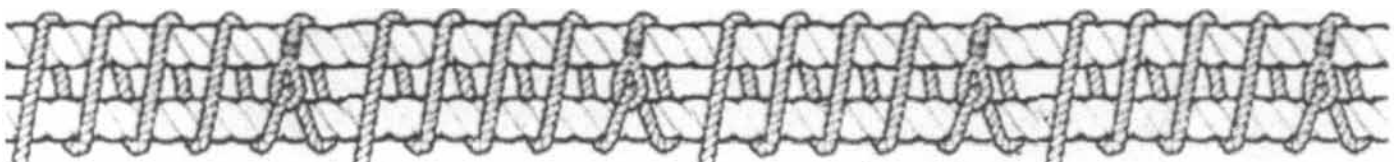
The tall ship *Pride of Baltimore II* will be at CBMM Friday, August 11, through August 13, with deck tours offered from 9am to 5pm daily. In 1988 *Pride of Baltimore II* was commissioned as a sailing memorial to her immediate predecessor, the original *Pride of Baltimore*, which sank in 1986 in a white squall off Puerto Rico. Both ships were built in Baltimore's Inner Harbor as reproductions of 1812 era topsail schooners, or Baltimore Clippers.

More information is available at cbmm.org.

Pride of Baltimore II



Come visit us this summer!



Two Years Before the Mast

By Richard Henry Dana
Reviewed by John Fiske

For several years I wanted to read *Two Years Before the Mast*. I had no reason, I just wanted to. I did not know anything about the book, that it is a memoir with two passages around Cape Horn, that more than half of the author's two years were spent on the coast of California long before the region became a state, that the trading mission involved the acquisition of hides, that the book is a rich account of square rig seamanship. I did not know that the book is a masterpiece of narrative literature. It is, and now I want to evangelize it.

Richard Henry Dana, Jr came from a distinguished Colonial family and in the early 1830s found himself a student at Harvard College. In his second year he took leave aboard a merchant ship as an able seaman. Given his family background he could have served as an officer and lived in the relatively comfortable officers' quarters. Dana chose instead to work as an ordinary sailor who lived in the forecabin in the ship's bow. The voyage began on the brig *Pilgrim* in Boston, August 14, 1834.

By the end of the first chapter (just a few pages) I had entered Dana's new and unfamiliar world. I joined him on starboard watch at 11pm. The wind died, then sprang up again. Dana found that "no time is allowed onboard ship for sentiment" and he had barely opportunity to take last look at the city.

The "completely bewildered" Dana, a "landsman beginning a sailor's life," struggled with unintelligible orders. I, too, struggled with the foreign terminology of square rig sailing in the 19th century sailing but, like Dana, after a while I did get used to reading about studding sails, top gallant sails, royals, gaskets and the like.

Dana, to our good fortune in the 21st century, does not dwell on the technical. He moves to other topics, the men, the labor, the captains under whom Dana served, California, the weather and so much else. The accounts of the hides and the comings and goings along the California coast seem strange to our generations. Dana, though, skillfully breaks the day to day accounting with philosophy, observation and literary excellence.

Monday, November 19, 1834, was a "black day" in their calendar as a man was lost overboard. Dana exposes what a loss a sea means:

"Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. When a man dies on shore, his body remains with his friends, or you can be prepared for the event. A man who is shot, by your side, in a battle remains an object, and real evidence. At sea, however, the man is near you, by your side, you hear his voice, and in an instant he is gone and nothing but vacancy shows his loss."

Dana's famous account of the flogging on the *Pilgrim* appears in chapter XV. The terrifying action stayed with the author forever and also stayed with me:

"Shouted the Captain, 'Nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel, but myself,' as the captain began laying blows on [the sailor's] back.

The man writhed under the pain... and cried, 'Oh Jesus Christ! Oh Jesus Christ!'



Book Review

'Don't call on Jesus Christ,' shouted the captain; 'he can't help you. Call on Captain T. He's the man! He can help you! Jesus Christ can't help you now.'

At these words, which I never shall forget, my blood ran cold. I could look no longer. Disgusted, sick, and horror-struck, I turned away and leaned over the rail, and looked down into the water."

Later, Dana ruminates on the nature of the country on the West Coast, had he foreseen 50, or 100, or more years he'd be astonished at how correct he was.

"If California ever becomes a prosperous country, this bay will be the centre of its prosperity. The abundance of wood and water, the extreme fertility of its shores, the excellence of its climate... have indeed attracted much attention, for the settlement of Yerba Buena, where we lay at anchor, bids fair to become the most important trading place on the coast."

Yerba Buena was renamed San Francisco in 1847.

The return from California to America necessitated a second trip around the Horn. Dana had been transferred, much to his pleasure, from the *Pilgrim* to the much larger *Alert*. The crew knew that the timing of their departure from San Diego meant a mid winter arrival at the Cape. Sure enough, mountainous seas, sleet, snow, pack ice and headwinds greeted them. Dana himself also was afflicted with a painful toothache and infection which confined him to the forecabin during the most difficult and strenuous days. He writes, "I felt almost willing to bear the plagues of Egypt for the rest of the voyage if I could be well and strong for that one night."

During the most difficult time in the Cape Horn passage some of the crew contemplated mutiny. During a lull in the appalling weather the captain did not take advantage of a breeze that sprang up from the west. "Why does he not run," the increasingly frustrated crew wanted to know.

"Daylight was short... and a fair wind, too, that everyone had been praying for and the captain showed no sign of making sail. There was a good deal of talking on the forecabin and it was proposed to take the ship from the captain and give command of her to the mate, who claimed that the ship would have been half the distance to the Cape, if he had had his way."

Dana writes that he gave his advice strongly against the idea. In the end sails were raised but the carpenter did blow the affair by telling the mate who, duty bound, told the captain. The captain resolved the matter with kindness and humane fellow feeling rather than harsh discipline.

On Sunday, July 31, 1836, well after rounding the Horn, Dana writes, with another vision of the future, that the *Alert* had cov-

ered "a thousand miles in four days and a half! This is equal to steam."

Dana's writing toward the end of the book achieves heights of descriptive brilliance.

"The sea was as still as an inland lake; the light trade wind was gently and steadily breathing from astern; the dark blue sky was studded with tropical stars; there was no sound but the rippling of the water under the stem; and the sails were spread out wide and high; the two lower studding-sails stretching, on each side, far beyond the deck; the topmast studding-sails like wings to the topsails; the topgallant studding-sails spreading fearlessly out above them; still higher, the two royal studding-sails, looking like two kites flying from the same string; and, highest of all, the little skysail, the apex of the pyramid, seeming actually to touch the stars, and to be out of reach of human hand."

Upon the return to Boston, in September, 1836, Dana and his crewmates were no longer needed and discharged from duty. We the readers learn nothing of what happened to the 40,000 hides aboard the *Alert*. In a concluding chapter Dana remarks about the power a captain holds over the crew and its necessity.

Two Years Before the Mast has enriched my knowledge of my maritime forebears and has allowed me access to some wonderful 19th century literature. This volume should be read and appreciated. Richard Henry Dana did not graduate from Harvard, what he and certain present day Harvard dropouts have created can improve your life.

Live By Your Dreams

By Arthur Strock, PhD
Available through Amazon or
www.livebyyourdreams.com

The Publisher says...

A unique, meaningful guide and reference book for understanding dreams, based on 50 heartwarming stories of dreams about relationships, problem-solving, fears, children and spirituality.

"Almost like an 'Encyclopedia of Dreams,'... Whether you are a consummate dream professional or a beginner to exploring the world of dreams, you will find this volume a welcome exploration and analysis of your dreaming mind." (Kevin J Todeschi, Executive Director & CEO of the Edgar Cayce work, author of *The Best Dream Book Ever*.)

"Arthur Strock is a gifted story teller. He conveys people's dreams so eloquently, leaving the reader excited to turn the page to see how each event plays out. This is a compelling, beautifully crafted and insightful book..." (Kate Adams, PhD, Bishop Grosseteste University, Lincoln, UK, author of *Unseen Worlds: Looking Through the Lens of Childhood*.)

The Reviewer says...

Arthur Strock, a retired school psychologist, is a founding member of the International Association for the Study of Dreams. He is passionate about his mission to inform others about how to get more out of life by interpreting their dreams. You may be interested in reading his book, *Live By Your Dreams*, available through Amazon and described at the end of this article. His connection with boats is life long. He has built several of Philip Bolger's designs. He especially enjoys Yellow Leaf, Bolger's "canoe

substitute,” in which he has enjoyed many hours with his daughter and more recently with his five and seven-year-old grandchildren. He now looks forward to building the DD25, an 8’ sailboat design by Dennis Davis, in which he plans to introduce his grandchildren to sailing.

All of us who read *Messing About in Boats* do our fair share of daydreaming about boats. And those daydreams, as well as other activities of the day, are well represented in our dreams at night. Nighttime dreams run parallel to what we’ve been doing and thinking about during the day. Although many of us don’t recall our dreams, it’s a scientific fact that everyone dreams every night. And most importantly, those dreams are more than random meaningless mental movies. They can provide warnings and give us messages that include down to earth guidance if we give them half a chance. For example, the hull of the boat in a dream may represent the physical body of the dreamer. We can imagine what it might mean if the boat is leaking. Where a boat is headed may symbolically give us a clue about what’s ahead for us in waking life. Or what about the boat that’s “in irons?” It might mean that we’ve got to get out of the easy chair and get going.

Some of our dreams can even point the way to better health. A while back my wife’s irresistible homemade pastries had gotten the best of me and caused serious acid indigestion. Those upset stomachs resulted in a couple of especially valuable dreams. In one I simply saw a bottle of Brioschi, an old time antacid. In the dream the bottle had a very small cap. I had never used Brioschi but, based on the dream, I purchased a bottle. Unlike the bottle in the dream, the size of the cap was quite large. The product was granular in nature with a recommended dose of one capful. Because in my dream, the cap size was quite small, I used a bit less than a full capful. It provided relief and allowed me to overindulge with as many pastries as I wanted, happily without any stomachaches.

Oops, “If it seems too good to be true, it probably is.” The next dream was a nightmare. I was standing on the shore of a lake looking at a sailboat in a storm with the captain on deck. The boat started to capsize. In panic, I yelled to him, “No, oh no!” Just then, the captain went overboard.

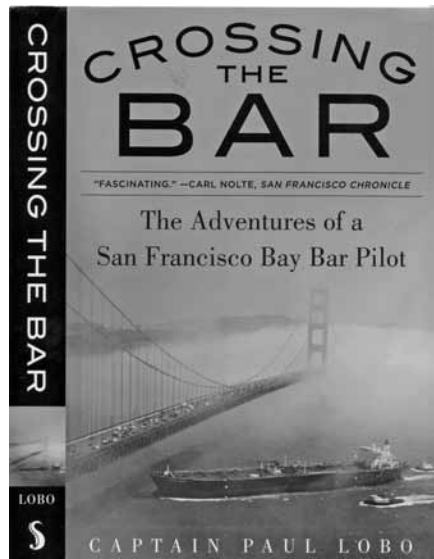
The interpretation was clear. The boat captain in the dream represented me. I was trying to warn the captain by saying “No.” I had gone overboard with the capsize, that represented the amount of Brioschi I was taking from the bottle cap. The key to the dream’s interpretation was a simple play on words. Even though I had kidded myself into thinking I was taking a small amount, I’d been taking too much. I’d been going overboard all right. So, mustering up some self control, I cut down on pastries and stopped using Brioschi. I felt better and had no more nightmares about going overboard. Turned out that it was dreams that provided the real relief, not Brioschi.

If you haven’t used dreams for guidance, you may be intrigued with the idea. But like many people, you may think you need a professional to interpret for you, a common misconception. If you haven’t interpreted your dreams, however, you can profit from being given a few tips. If you’re stumped about what your dreams mean, feel free to give me a call: (908) 475-3203. There is nothing that beats talking about weird dreams except maybe messing about in you know what.

Crossing the Bar The Adventures of a San Francisco Bay Pilot

By Captain Paul Lobo
Seahorse Books - 2016 - \$24.99
ISBN: 978-1-944824-00-6 (Print)
ISBN: 978-1-944824-01-3 (Ebook)

Reviewed by Bob Hicks



The Publisher says...

“Paul Lobo captained nearly 6,500 vessels through the treacherous waters of San Francisco Bay during a 31 year career and there was a hint of danger each time he did it.

There is nothing placid about San Francisco Bay. Its raucous waters have hosted brutal storms, daring rescues, horrendous accidents and countless hours of drama and tension. Captain Paul Lobo knows that better than most people. As a licensed sea and harbor pilot in those treacherous waters, Lobo piloted nearly 6,500 vessels in a 31 year career, everything from megayachts to the *USS Enterprise* to the *Love Boat*. Each trip tells its own story and Lobo shares many. Here readers will find gripping, tense adventure stories, all well told.

Reading *Crossing the Bar* is like being on the rolling bridge with Lobo. Here are tragic deaths and lives saved, inspiring rescues, devastating storms and the infamous and horrendous oil spill after the *Cosco Busan* rammed the Oakland Bay Bridge, which resulted in the first imprisonment of a maritime pilot for making an error.

Readers will also find a December sea rescue Lobo assisted with in hurricane strength winds and monstrous seas. Without Lobo’s pilot boat and her crews’ supreme effort, the ship they saved would have foundered on the rocky Marin County, California, coastline with the loss of all hands.

Here also is a rich and detailed history of San Francisco Bay with an insider’s view of places many longtime residents have never seen, lovingly told by a man who has been there.”

The Reviewer says:

It’s not surprising that Captain Lobo has lotsa stories to tell after 31 years piloting 6,500 vessels around and about San Fran-

cisco Bay. Those of you who enjoyed Hugh Ware’s bygone “Beyond the Horizon” and Doc Regan’s current “Over the Horizon” columns will love this book. These were big ships that had to be maneuvered in one of the most demanding harbors in the nation. Lobo points out its nature as follows:

“Unlike many other ports in the world that have only one small area that ships moved in... San Francisco has a complicated system of ocean, bays and rivers covering more than 200 miles of pilotage waters with over 100 docks...”

The fact that the author survived piloting 6,500 ships over 31 years in such a demanding place lends his storytelling great credibility. He doesn’t brag on his achievements in this book, rather it’s more of a saga of everyday work on a stupendously large scale in which, as the responsible guy once he takes over the ship, he faces situations that could be ruinous to his client ships as well as to his own career.

As one might expect, many of the incidents are those with the most dramatic circumstances in which a mistake could cost dearly. Most of us, when telling our own tales of derring do, focus on the really bad stuff that almost happened (or did happen) and not on the sunny carefree times.

In a closing chapter Lobo explains, “Why I am glad I retired: Piloting was one thing but dealing with issues out of my control was something I never cared for. Whenever I was on a ship I was completely in charge of everything that happened in relation to moving it from the time I arrived on the bridge until the time I grabbed the pilot ladder in my hands. No one issued any speed or rudder commands and no one told the tugs what to do except me. No one dropped the anchor or put out lines until I said so. This was an unbelievably satisfying feeling. That kind of power is rare and one of the reasons I loved piloting so much.”

The issues he mention as being “out of my control” were chiefly those involving dealing with others who had something to say about the overall picture within which he worked. The manner in which his job assignments were handled and the ongoing issues with dispatchers who handed out those assignments loom high on his list. His experience here was that of someone who knows what he’s doing in a very demanding trade having to deal with others who haven’t a clue. And then in more recent years there were the foreign ships’ captains and crews who did not speak English. You gotta read about this to see how he handled it.

The publisher tells us that reading this book would be like “being on the rolling bridge with Lobo,” but I felt it was more like sitting in the coffee shop with him and his buddies in their retirement years passing the idle days regaling one another with their “can you top this” tales.



Back in 1990 I joined the Rings Island Rowing Club (RIRC). Unlike most youth rowing clubs, which have large coxed boats with many rowers and one cox, we had dories with only two rowers per boat and room for two riders if needed. This meant that every boat had one person responsible for where the boat was. Those of us who were more responsible got more freedom and before too long I was given approval to take a dory out whenever I wanted.

The city of Boston, Massachusetts, puts on one of the coolest Fourth of July shows around. First the Boston Pops put on a free outdoor concert next to the Charles River at the Hatch Shell on the Esplanade, the finale of the concert is the 1812 Overture. The Massachusetts Army National Guard provides the cannons written into the score and local churches provide the church bells, also written into the score. Then an awesome fireworks show goes up from barges moored in the middle of the Charles River. Crowds of thousands line all the roads, parks and bridges around the lower Charles River Basin, and certain parks and hills, to catch the show.

My parents took my sister and I in to see the concert and fireworks back in the mid '80s and discovered how bad dealing with the crowd and traffic could be. A few years later they took my sister there in our canoe (somehow I missed that trip) but found that trying to cross the lower Charles River in the dark was rather frightening as there are hundreds of motorboats racing down the river in a massive free for all trying to be the first to the cut through the old dam (the Boston Museum of Science is built on it) as they need to make it back through the lock to Boston Harbor before they are shut down at midnight. In between the thousands of anchored and rafted boats were many kids and other idiots roaring around in small motor boats in the dark. Canoes and kayaks should only hug the shore until well upstream.

Fast forward to the mid '90s, I had a girlfriend and a truck (I still miss that '88 Ranger) and the RIRC had a gull dory given to them by one of the woodshop teachers from my high school (he preferred kayaking). The boat was a ten in build and finish, however, it was made of $\frac{3}{8}$ " plywood and weighed way too much for its size.

On the third of July we headed into Boston and watched the Pops perform their rehearsal while sitting on the bank of the river. July Fourth we put the gull dory in up near Watertown, Massachusetts, and rowed down to the lower basin, enjoying the view of the Boston and Cambridge skylines as well as the numberless small sailboats and crew boats from all the different sailing and rowing clubs on the Charles.

As evening fell I rowed over to the Esplanade and found a good spot to anchor just behind the Hatch shell. A look at the Esplanade on Google earth shows that just behind the Hatch shell is the Community Sailing Club just above the Longfellow Bridge and two barrier islands. Those islands were completely full of cabin cruisers parked nose on the islands rail to rail so that the island could be circled by stepping from boat to boat.

We were then able to watch the concert on big TVs on the cabin cruisers and hear the Pops behind us. There is a canal running up the center of the park (today there is someone giving gondola rides on that canal) from where I wanted to check out the crowd but

The Rowerwet Chronicles... Reminiscing

By Josh Withe

I didn't dare go near it as it was so jammed with canoes and kayaks that I couldn't make it through with the spread of my oars. I think I could have crossed the canal by stepping from canoe to canoe. With an anchor I had the advantage of being able to "park" on the water at just the perfect spot while most canoes and kayaks had to keep moving, tie off to a bush if they were smart enough to have a rope aboard, or pull up on the bank.

As dusk settled in the air was still and the water became a perfect mirror for the stars and lights of all the buildings. I lit the kerosene lantern hung from a pole (rake handle) as thousands of stern and navigation lights came on all across the Charles. Then the mirror was broken by circling jet skis with flashing blue lights, the MDC (Metropolitan District Commission) police were clearing the river directly in front of the cannons used in the 1812 Overture. About the time they finished getting the area opened a flock of ducks, obviously displaced from their normal resting spots by the flotilla of canoes and concert goers, splashed down in perfect form on the only open spot on the river. Think of the illustrations in "make way for ducklings" of the peaceful ducks on the river at night.

As it is played out the 1812 Overture builds and then suddenly BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! The cannons roar! Suspended in mid air, as most of the crowd was when they jumped at the cannon roar, I have freeze framed in my memory the sight of huge tongues of flame from the cannons illuminating panicked ducks QUUUAAK QUUUAAK QUUUAAK King away in a cloud of feathers, fleeing the biggest guns ever fired on the Charles River in centuries.

After the final encore (Stars and Stripes Forever) by the Pops, I pulled up the anchor and rowed out as close as the circling Coast Guard boat would let me to the moored barges in the center of the river, dropped the anchor where we enjoyed the finest fireworks in the world (my opinion) from the front row.



The fireworks.

Afterwards, our ears still ringing, I rowed back up the dark river with the lights of the city around us, enjoying the sight of the banks crawling with lights. The crawling motion suggested by hundreds of stern lights mounted on canoes as they hugged the shore. Even with my girlfriend sitting in the

stern and myself at the oars on the center seat, causing the stern to squat, I found I could row at double or better the pace of the canoes (thank Phil Bolger for the beautiful and efficient shape of the gull dory).

We went back to the concert again the following year and repeated the story. The next year I was alone and avoiding places with memories of her. The truck lasted until I gave it away in '99, the same year I married the girl God meant for me. The canoe went on to carry my own family for years until I had to return it to my dad, the gull dory was still being used by the RIRC until donated to Lowell's boat shop livery. The Pops still hold their concerts, and when I wrote this in 2011, I was recovering from getting home late as we (my family) went in to see the Pops rehearsal concert on July third.

Thanks to the ever increasing potential threat of terrorism, today the shoreline of the river is closed for the concert, the canal, barrier islands and the first 30 yards of the river are patrolled by armed motorboats with flashing lights. The Oval, from where the stage of the hatch shell can be seen, is accessed only through a TSA like security checkpoint and the whole area is fenced in like a prison camp with chain link fencing, jersey barriers and guards.

Avoiding that ugly scene, we found a spot on the empty bank of the river where we could watch the concert on a jumbotron. It really was great as long as we didn't look away to take in the view of the Cambridge skyline lights, catch the caterpillars of lights as the red line trains cross the Longfellow bridge or take in the general crowd on the Esplanade. Instead of the flotilla of canoes in my memory, the shoreline was bare, the few boats near the shore had flashing blue lights and all around the Esplanade a ring of police lights extended, making it feel more like a disaster scene. Far out on the river among the anchored yachts I spotted two kayaks, and no canoes.

Every year since 2011 we have had a church commitment to attend on the Fourth of July. This year a change of plans allowed us to be home for the Fourth and I really wanted to see the fireworks in Boston again (call me crazy). To avoid the disaster scene and the potential for more radical violence (the Boston Marathon bombers first thought of targeting the Fourth of July crowds) I decided to see the fireworks from the water instead.

After figuring out how to carry three kayaks on the van roof, we set off for Boston late in the day. I knew the traffic would be interesting as many of the river shore roads would be closed, but my first idea for parking worked out great. Just after we launched into the Charles River we got to enjoy the antics of the Boston Duck Tours drivers as they did a massed dive into the river. This was amazing to me as all I could ever remember was how polluted the river and harbor were, but the drivers told us that the Charles River is the cleanest urban river in the US!

We set off up the river, keeping to the shore except for the one short stretch through the old dam by the Museum of Science. That part was a challenge as a police launch had just blasted through and the roiling wake left a massively confused roller coaster ride with random waves that boarded the kayaks more than once. I wasn't concerned for my son in *Sawfish* as it is unsinkable, but the long fast shapes of *Duet* and *Beta* meant we had to stay alert to avoid swamping.

Out on the river we found a steady wind

blowing downriver and then the words every parent expects with a group of kids happened “I hafta go the bathroom.” While there were plenty of porta potties along the Esplanade, getting to them from a boat is nearly impossible. After bashing the plywood hull of *Duet* on hidden rocks on the Boston side more than once, I decided to try the boat launch on the Cambridge side, just downstream of the Longfellow Bridge.

The boat launch is listed on the paddling.net launch sites app as a good place to launch a kayak on the Charles and it turned out to be my favorite spot of the day. Back when they were filling the shoreline to make the roads and parks on the Cambridge side of the river, they left a narrow slot in the shore, most likely for fuel barges to berth in to supply the heat for the area. Today the narrow slot has a public dock in the very end of it and a very low drawbridge keeping all but paddle and oar craft out.

Anyone studying the history of canoes in America will read about the canoe models supplied for the livery trade on the Charles River. While the wood and canvas hulls created for this trade have become as rare as the parasols and wide skirts of the time, one company still rents canoes and kayaks on the Charles River, Charles River Canoe and Kayak was doing a land office business renting canoes and kayaks from the public dock. What with stacks and stacks of kayaks, canoes and paddleboards and an endless line of PFD clad people there, I wasn’t sure we would be able to get out on the float but the staff took the time to let us unload and secure our kayaks out of the way as long as we promised we would be back quickly.

Getting back to our boats was more of a challenge as many on ramp to the float thought we were just being rude when we asked them to let us through. I finally found walking quickly and acting like I was one of the staff got the line to move.

Back in our boats, we decided to eat dinner in the cut instead of out on the river. We had some great entertainment and had to fend off a few boats as it seemed almost all of the renters had very limited paddling skills. I can only hope everyone was OK once they reached the river as the wind was still blowing downriver and kicking up a chop.

In the middle of this a group of college students showed up and launched a fleet of those cheap inflatable boats sold next to the pool toys. The boat with all of the beer seemed to be riding especially low. Later on I observed these same boats, all lashed together in a cluster, being pushed along one of the piers of the Longfellow Bridge with the students trying to grab onto the gaps between



The rental fleet heading out.

the stones. I’m sure they had an interesting walk back from wherever they finally landed.

Our picnic dinner finished, we headed out onto the river and up through the Longfellow Bridge. I had just started to thread us through the fleet of anchored boats covering the river when a Coast Guard boat with a .50cal on the bow pulled alongside and told us we had to be anchored 15 minutes ago to be on that stretch of the river. When I told them I didn’t have an anchor, they asked if I had a friend anchored nearby. I told them I would find one quick and by the time they turned around to check on us again I had gotten permission from a nearby motorboat to tie off to his stern cleat.

We rafted the three kayaks together and sat back to watch the show as a beautiful sunset burned across the river, bathing the Cambridge side buildings in a spectacular show. The Pops concert had started but I had forgotten to bring a radio and the wind kept the sound away from us most of the time. The boat we were tied to was swinging in the breeze and our raft of kayaks, tied off to only *Duet*, caused even more random swinging. Depending on which way our gaggle was positioned, we got to hear country music being blasted by one group of boats or rock music from a nearby party boat. Every now and then the Pops concert would crescendo and we would hear the music echoing off of the buildings along the river. The 1812 Overture was interesting as we were over a mile away from the cannons, watching the smoke and flames belch before the boom finally reached us a second or two later.

As the night grew darker and the concert continued, we observed the fireworks shows of more than one city near Boston,

sometimes seeing the bursts of the highest, and other times seeing the clouds lit up with the flashes.

Because of the Pops concert, the fireworks happen much later than anywhere else but the wait is worth it. What most shows have for a grand finale is what the Boston show has going on the whole time. The kids loved it, making the whole trip worthwhile.

Getting back in the dark was a bit of a challenge, we had to cut across the fleet of boats racing for the lock to Boston Harbor, but since we didn’t have to retrieve an anchor we were across most of the river before the real rush started. We hugged the Boston shore until we reached the queue for the cut by the Science Museum, then sprinted through the gathering funnel of boats to take our place in line. With everyone paddling in quick time we carved out a spot and paced the boat in front through the cut. It seems our appearance in the line caused some notice from the Coast Guard but they were busy keeping everyone out of the way as the train bridge was constantly opening and closing as trains pulled out of North Station.

While we were loading the kayaks back on the van, the fleet of Duck Tour drivers made it back in their canoes and kayaks, somehow we had failed to meet up on the river during the day and they thought we had already left.

All in all the Boston fireworks are still best seen from a boat, with security concerns and crowds on the land, the shore (and first 30 yards of water) is for the birds!

(I actually wrote this as my first article on Duckworks, back in 2012, I think. We took the family back again this past July Fourth and had a much better time).



It has taken us (Charlotte, *Carrie Rose* and me) five years to get from Montrose Harbor in Chicago, Illinois, to Kent Island, Maryland, on Chesapeake Bay. In the meantime, we retired, a few family and friends passed away, others married or divorced, a baby (my nephew's) appeared along with several dogs and there have been a few health concerns, mostly resolved. The boat, *Carrie Rose*, suffered numerous failures, none too calamitous, and has had various pricey upgrades.

Cruising on a small boat (32' Nordic Tug) has a lot of pros and cons. The reason I say a small boat is not out of conceit but because in truth we are usually the smallest boat around, at least in the cruising community. In marinas, four or five story slabs of off white fiberglass blanket *Carrie Rose*. They ruin the view but keep the hot sun off our deck. Like I said, there are a lot of pros and cons.

Mid spring to summer's end is spent motoring to wherever the body of water we are on takes us. The first several years we cruised with friends but these last three have been on our own. And since we've traveled in the direction opposite of the Great Loop (the counterclockwise circumnavigation of the eastern US), there have not been many boats to buddy up with. We have had the luxury of doing what we want.

This past year we drove the car to the boat since our plan was to stay in the Chesapeake for the summer. In June the weather turned unexpectedly hot and stayed that way. It did not stop us but the parking brake was stuck on a bit. *Carrie Rose* almost made it to Washington, DC, but not quite. We detoured out of the Potomac after making it to Colonial Beach, Virginia, a decidedly funky place.

Charlotte's Dream Cruise

By Dean Raffaelli

Both coming and going we spent several days anchored in the St Mary's River, a tributary of the Potomac, home to a beautiful bay and an old college curiously named St Mary's. The college opens their campus to the cruisers anchored in the bay. We borrowed their AC and had a better than average college dorm meal (all we could eat) in the cafeteria for nine bucks each.

The Potomac is a grand river 13 miles wide as it enters the bay. On our way out *Carrie Rose*, with a little extra speed, rode atop the Bay's short choppy waves (something not possible on the Great Lakes). A destroyed battleship was passed as we steamed east across the bay to Crisfield, one of those towns that bring meaning to the phrase, "the end of the road."

I could write about anchorages, small historic towns, fishermen and crab pots and trot lines and floating gill nets and fishing weirs placed far offshore, then there was the constant military presence with many



areas listed as off limits on the charts and the brown brackish water full of sea nettles, otherwise known as jellyfish, but I won't. (See chicagotug.blogspot.com for more details.)

It was stimulating to spend time on the eastern shore of Maryland. Kent Island was the first English settlement established in America in 1631. One transplant to the eastern shore described its genealogy as a wreath instead of a branching tree, though we could find no direct evidence of the above, as Johnny come latelys from the midwest were duly put in our place on occasion.

Our sojourn in the east is not done yet, Maine this year will be noteworthy. For me it was the school trip I never took. We have been immersed in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812 and the Civil War, seen slavery up close and witnessed the decline and fall of the industrial revolution.

This year we have met the fine folk of Maryland, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New York and New Jersey. All have shown us deference because of the great city we come from. *Carrie Rose* has been our time machine into the past and our way of anticipating the future, for cruising draws from experiences while forcing us to look into the future before departing each day. Is the weather to our favor, should we anchor or find a marina, will the tides and currents help or hinder the journey, have the hazards been identified and dealt with, are the boat's systems and of course, were we prepared to spend another day, week or month on the water?

Cruising on a boat started as a pre adolescent dream and became a possibility when it became Charlotte's dream. We are blessed because of it.



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Selections from the *Mainsheet*, Newsletter of the Delaware River Chapter TSCA



Remembering John

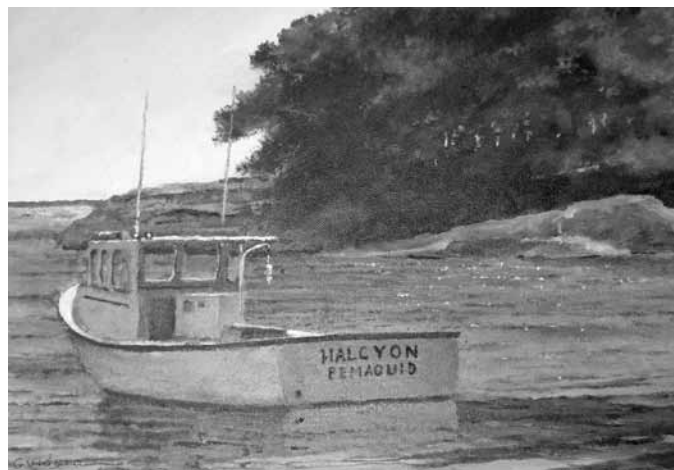
By Frank Stauss

Our friend and fellow TSCA member, John Guidara, has passed away. John was a great guy and will be missed by all. John retired from the State of New Jersey as a social worker with 35 years of service. In retirement he worked as social worker at Creative Achievement in Vineland and as a class counselor for the Hammonton School District.

He was a man of many interests. As an avid sailor he was a member of the Union Lake Sailing club and our Delaware River Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association. There were many days that he could be found sailing Union Lake chasing Maria and I in our kayaks. He was a prize winning artist, watercolor was his first love but he was becoming very proficient in oils also. He was Past President of the South Jersey Artists Society and most proud of being accepted as a member of the American Artists Professional League in New York City and accepted into their juried show in 2016. He taught classes in watercolor painting and took classes himself to always improve his skills. John loved local history and spent many hours exploring the little towns and roads of south Jersey and reading everything ever written about the area.

Herewith a selection of John's nautical art in celebration of his life well lived.

(**Editor Comments:** Sorry about our black and white reproduction, the original colors greatly enhance John's work.)





Dovekie #43 *Mulsae* anchored along the shores of Grenada Lake, Mississippi

Friday, July 1

A week and a half after sailing 100 miles of a 200 mile trip up the Texas coast, I was itching to go sailing again. The Texas trip wasn't totally satisfying and I needed to get out of the house, especially with a four day Fourth of July weekend coming up. So I took a long look at the covered *Mulsae*, my 1981 Dovekie Hull #43, sitting in the driveway and thought, "We should get out and take that trip to Grenada Lake I've been wanting to do." The boat didn't answer back so I took that as an agreement.

First things first though, what is the weather outlook? Getting online I find that other than light winds and a rather small chance of a shower Saturday afternoon, the weekend was looking sunny. Sunny here in Mississippi means near cloudless skies, moderately high humidity and 90°+ temps. In other words, a typical Mississippi summer day.

Since I'm on the computer, let's see what comes up on Grenada Lake. Hmm... one of four flood control lakes in Mississippi on the Yalobusha River. Somewhat Y shaped with a 2.6 mile long dam, Grenada Lake can hold up to 1.38 million gallons of water at flood control stage, has 54+ miles of shoreline and spreads across 9.8k to 64k acres. It hosts three Wildlife Management Areas, the 912 acre Grenada Waterfowl Refuge, the 1,400 acre Benwood Waterfowl Management Area and the 330 acre Haseyway Wetland Demonstration Area. Wildlife in these areas include fox, squirrels, whitetail deer, woodpeckers, rabbits, beaver, turkey, opossums, quail, mourning doves and numerous species of ducks. Additionally, there are several monitored bald eagle nests in the area.

It will be neat to see the wildlife areas but this is only a two day trip and we might not have enough time. Still, I expect to put some miles under *Mulsae's* hull. As an easy overnighter there is no reason to pack heavy, a dozen bottles of water, some flavored drink mix, a few light snacks, a pound cake for breakfast and finally one of those pre packaged hiking meals. This will be my first time trying out one of those on a trip.

Saturday, July 2

Packing is easy with *Mulsae* still stored covered after the June Texas trip. Just need to put the rudder into the truck bed along with various camping gear and food and hitch the uncovered boat up to the truck. Within an hour we were on the road for the three hour Saturday morning drive.

I've selected to launch from the Army Corp's Hugh White State Park located on the

Mulsae Holidays on Grenada Lake

By Mike Mangus

Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*

southwest shoreline since that was the one listed online most often. The road into the park itself is somewhat narrow, twisty and rather hilly, the typical road we see going into state parks here in Mississippi. Also typical is the empty locked up gatehouse with the ever present metal fee box. I stuffed \$4.50 into an envelope and stuffed it into the metal box and went off to find the ramp.

The ramp itself is situated on a hill. It feels steep. At first I thought that couldn't be the ramp and went searching around for something less steep. But no, the first ramp is it. Well, this may be interesting. Heh. Without a schedule to keep and no set place to go to, I take a lazy hour rigging *Mulsae*. While I was attaching the rudder, a pair of local fishermen arrive towing one of those flat fast fishing boats. They are very interested in the Dovekie and we chat back and forth for a while with me telling stories of the Texas 200 sail and them telling stories about the lake. Eventually they launch and head out for some fishing.

A couple of more boats launch before I finally get *Mulsae* uneventfully in the water. A quick video to document the launch before raising sail and we are off. The mild 7-10mph wind fills the tanbark sail and pushes *Mulsae* gliding across breeze ruffled water. Out of the little fjord hosting the boat ramp, the right shore turns abruptly away as we track north northeast on a beam reach. Just around right side corner is one of the many sand beaches populated by weekend swimmers and beachgoers. A mile to the left on a diverging parallel path is the dam. Ahead? A few miles of open water to reach the bottom point of the V part of the Y.

It is an easy sail. With the mild wind keeping sailing unstressed, I lean back and kick my feet up on the opposite bench seat. The bimini keeps the hot sun at bay. The day is warm but not scorching especially with the light breeze. All in all, very enjoyable!

The tentative plan is to sail up the left arm of the Y, round the slight bend to the right and sail to the end where one of the wildlife management areas resides to anchor for the night and enjoy the scenery. Into the arm, we skirt relatively close to the eastern shore while minding the tree trunks sticking up out

of the water. That makes me wonder how deep the lake really is as well as how many shorter trunks are hidden below the surface. Wouldn't want to run into one by accident! In fact, the further NNE we go the more tree trunks are sticking up from the water. By the time we near the bend there seems a veritable forest of tree trunks.

Hmm. Moving into late afternoon and faced with threading the "forest," I decide to come about and seek a western shore spot to camp for the night. Shortly after turning SW a fishing boat growls around the bend. It turns out to be the two fishing guys from earlier on the ramp. We wave at each other while they zoom between trunks. Seems local lake knowledge pays off when running flat out on plane between the trees.

The rest of the afternoon passes and along with it the light breeze leaving just enough to ghost along with barely filled sails. The wind shifts from the SW, forcing me to take long tacks heading towards what appears to be the few clear shores on that part of the lake. Interestingly enough there is a huge numbered sign in one spot. The sign is one of many scattered around the lake's shoreline, though what they are for confounds me. By the time *Mulsae's* bow touches hard pack shore it is closer to 7pm than not. Of course, 7pm mid summer still leaves a couple hours of sun and heat.



The water is calf high and warm, the bottom very firm claylike material. In fact, it is so firm that planting the stern anchor deeply is impossible. I think it should hold. *Mulsae* is repositioned 20' off the shore just in case the lake level drops overnight. The bow anchor is led to shore where it is wedged as best as possible behind a small hillock. If anything, the dry shale like ground is even harder, nearly cement like. Eh. It should hold.

With the boat settled in it is time to explore! First, what is it with that huge numbered sign? A short walk up a steep embankment doesn't lead to enlightenment, though the sign is even bigger than first thought. This thing can easily be seen literally a mile away. I find a shady spot to sit and relax. Off to the right down along shore towards the dam comes the sound of ATVs. For a while it sounds like they may make it to my camp but after an hour they turn back and recede.

With dusk approaching it is back to the boat to boil that hiking meal. The little single burner is filled with water and ten minutes later I'm fishing the hot meal out. Inside the package are two BBQ filled pocket breads that go down deliciously well. Not bad. Not bad at all! I make a note to possibly use them during the long multi day trips in 2017. I get the canvas cockpit porch set up on *Mulsae*. Oh, the convenience! After years of camping on shore or in cramped sailboats, sleeping on a roomy Dovekie is sooooo easy! That was one of the major selling points persuading me to buy the boat in the first place and

one put to good use on the 2016 Texas trip.

Fed, cleaned up and with the boat sorted, I pull out the Kindle for some evening reading. That lasts a couple of hours before the bugs drawn in by the only source of light within a mile drives me to put it away. By now it is pure dark moonless nighttime with glorious stars overhead. Somewhere deeper on land comes a loud grunting and bellowing that goes on for quite some time. It seems a deeper sound than hogs make, so perhaps it is cows or bulls or something else.

Off in the distance there is a rumble. That sound is familiar! The incoming storm is confirmed when lighting starts flickering in the approaching clouds and the wind briskly picks up from the SW. Now usually I sleep with the hatches open. Indeed, even the porch windows are open to catch what little breeze there was to abate the day's heat. With the threat of rain looming, I close the canvas hatch covers and windows. At first it is stifling inside the boat but the storm's fresh breeze quickly cools the air.

Settling back on the camp style air mattress, I smile over how well the day turned out and how grand it is to be out here camping overnight on Grenada Lake. That smile carries onward into sleep that is interrupted as the storm winds rush through the shore's trees follow by a short rainfall. Snug inside and with a renewed smile, I drift off into sleep again.

Sunday, July 3

As usual, I wake up just as the sky begins to shed the night. The morning is a cool mid 60s with zero wind at all. The water is glassy until disturbed by the rocking boat's ripples. Getting the mild weather sleeping bag, deflated air mattress and the cockpit's canvas tent sides stowed, I kick back on the bench seat to munch on the pound cake washed down with a breakfast drink and enjoy the dawn. A faint mist hovers over the water. Out across the lake is nary a soul or movement all the way to the far shore a mile or so away. The songbirds seem to be greeting the dawn with a serenade of musical notes. The bardest puff of wind is felt more than heard and makes one hopeful to find enough to sail.

The camp is little more than four miles from the boat ramp. With an idea to be home by 3pm, I enjoy the morning calm for a few minutes longer before readying for departure. The stern anchor is retrieved from its position 15' closer to the boat than it was last night. Yeah, it didn't hold in last night's stormy breeze. With a little wind the newly raised sail hangs flat with a droopy sheet. A final strong push sends us on our way.



Slowly. Ever so slowly. The GPS is barely reading 1mph and even that is suspect. An occasional tiny wind puff briefly tugs the sheets out of the water. For the next two hours we drift sail and make about one mile traveled. At this rate we'll make the ramp sometime mid to late afternoon and still be faced with a three hour drive home.

That will not do so let's try a hand at using an oar in the yuloh socket. Like many new things, knowing how it is supposed to work and doing it are very different. I seem to get the hang of it after 30 minutes though the boat doesn't feel like it is going any faster. Pulling the oar, I ready the boat for rowing.

Mulsae and I make much better progress under oars though I have to stop and rest hands multiple times. The constant clunking, twisting oars and banging hands together cumulates in a resolve to find a better way over the winter to control the oars in the rowing ports.

At the bottom of the V part of the Y shaped lake I find a group of spaced out tree

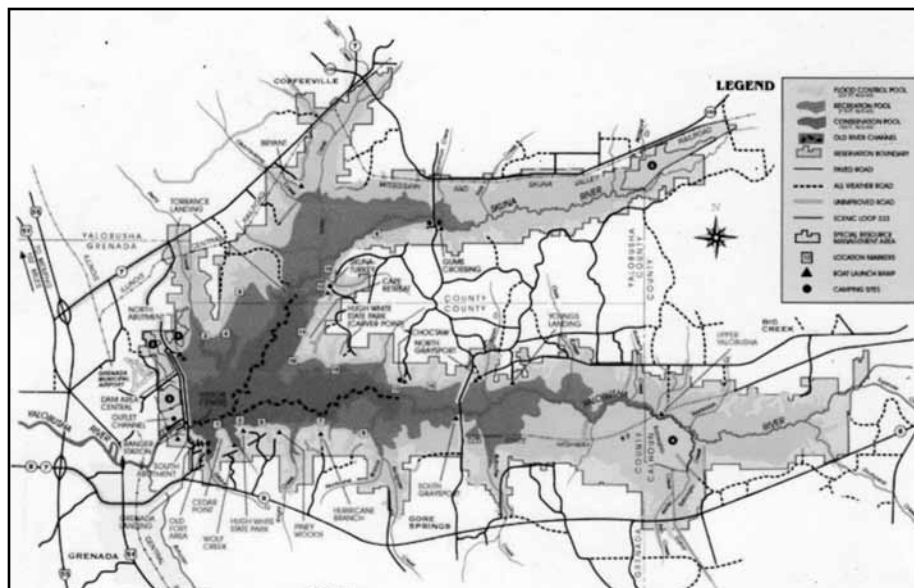
trunks sticking up out of the water. Amongst them is a small jonboat with a father and young daughter fishing quietly in the early morning calm. We wave at each other across the smooth water and I smile.

Around two and a half hours later *Mulsae's* bow touches the rocky shore beside the ramp and I am very happy to finally make it! Yeah, the hands are blistered and arms and shoulders are sore, but we made it! It also showed that rowing a Dovekie over a (relatively) long distance is doable. So although regretting leaving the outboard at home for this trip, I am happy to accomplish the weekend by wind and human power only.

It takes a lot less time to get *Mulsae* loaded and packed up. Within the hour we are on the way home after stopping for lunch. Of course, *Mulsae* draws attention. In this part of Mississippi sailboats are far less common than fishing boats. Three hours later, boat unpacked, parked and covered in the driveway, I enjoy a cold beverage in the comfort of my air conditioned home while thinking of the weekend's adventure.

Final Thoughts

Overall, the Grenada Lake trip is a success. I got out of the house and gained more time/experience sailing the Dovekie after the Texas 200 trip hi jinks. Although disappointed in not reaching the wildlife areas, there will be a next time on the lake to see more. In fact, wasn't there an old Civil War fort somewhere near Grenada Lake? That would be something to see!



Ready to Splash

Wow! Ready to splash. I just saw Doug Martin's most beautiful small craft ready for the water while flipping the pages of Duckwork's Magazine. Excellent job. My very own Lightning wonder hopefully will be thrown in the drink soon as well. It's quite a contrast to the beauty of Doug's work, that's for sure.

This Lightning of mine, I'm beginning to think, even the shrimp fleet won't want me among them. My guess would be cuz it's a sailboat is the reason. It sure does look like a shrimper. True confessions being what they are, good for the soul and all, I'm down to numbering the hull. To be honest it struck me as pure gall having to put bow numbers on this beautiful old sailboat.

Those shiny letters and numerals purchased at the local hardware stores just would not fit, they'd look like two big sore thumbs stuck up there on the bow. When I was doing carpenter work building room additions, it was always hoped that the finished product would not look like a room added on. It just had to look like it was built that way at first.

Well, as simple as bow numbers are, I just can't throw any old sort of garbage up their either. My wife expressed concern I was going to hand paint them on. No, no, I assured her, even I have better taste than that. A friend had brought his longboat over for repairs which I couldn't get to, after several months he took it home and is doing the work himself.

While it was here, I was admiring his craft and noticed that his bow numbers fit perfectly. I first attempted to duplicate what he had done. Well, obviously even he is in a different league than me. What I actually stumbled upon was sheer genius, although not mine. So I thought, temporarily, anything just to get the old gal floating.

The neighbor had hired a contractor to do some work on his house and the builder and I become casual friends and he starts offering me stuff he going to be throwing away. My temporary solution include signboards each side of the bow. But $\frac{3}{4}$ " being too thick, I ended up, completely by chance, using an old laundry room cabinet door, cut and ripped and then split in two on the table saw.

Perfection, just what I was wanting. Although not hand painted, using templates along with the shakes of a near 70 guy, they are starting to own their place in the permanent world of boat restoration, my way. Frank may be the blame for that. As beauty is in the eye of the beholder, I doubt they'll be beholden thus going on with this Lightning. But let the fun times begin, that's where the memories will be, the good ones anyway.



Wind

Here in coastal Texas, Rockport actually, there is a saying, "The wind is our friend." It has nothing to do with sailing, that'll come

Meanderings Along the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

up shortly. The friendly wind often referred to is because it is supposed to blow the mosquitoes away. Well, it's a nice saying but as for blowing away the mosquitoes, forget it.

The wind is nice though, very nice. With the heat and humidity, it makes life nice here on the south coast. And extra nice when sailboats are thrown into the equation. There's an awful lot of thin water along the coast. The entire Gulf coast is a thin water haven. With small shallow draft sailboats the hideyholes and back bay bayous are so many, they will keep a sailor busy for many years.

Pristine and pretty is nice, but a shrimp boat finish will do a guy or gal better. With the finish of a shrimp boat the reefs aren't so bad, the shell beaches are not a bother. Neither are the tar covered piles or concrete bulkheads that seem to come out of nowhere.

Build 'em stout, add extra glass and replaceable gunnels. Use oversize hardware, a bigger anchor, at least two of those. With plenty of rode. Overkill? I helped a fellow and his son when they got into a bind. Had but one anchor and a fouled roller furler up front. They couldn't walk the boat out off the shoal without much difficulty, the bottom being sand, a second anchor in use would have made it easier to use the wind to get back into sailable water.

Gear, heavy and strong. Best way to go. The wind here blows. Often it's small craft warning stuff day after day. When it's getting up towards 30mph and a bit more, the excitement can get out of hand real quick. Last summer it was not quite 25mph, but when I hit the channel the funneling affect picked the wind up a notch or two. In short order I had the starboard rail under scooping water, then the port rail wanted its turn. Dropped the main and got this thing sorted out. The ship channel was not a place to be having fire drills or capsizes.

Yes, the wind is my friend. Back in California when getting the trailer sailer ready for a go of it, I'd get butterflies if the wind was up. Well, when the wind gets up here those butterflies are still to be found. They don't stay long, long enough to remind oneself to focus a bit more. A comfortable corner in the cockpit, well braced, not too wet, is a nice place to be when it starts getting wild. Wild for the bay, that is. A few years back I took my Paradox out into the Gulf during blow from Port O'Conner. The waves were mostly wind blown things, some about 6', whitecaps

everywhere. The Paradox took it all in stride. A year or so later I had her out in some gusts to 40mph and a bit more. She was a good little ship. Was because she went home with Bobby to Oklahoma. He's happy, got a good boat.

Up next for me is the Lightning rework, which is now just days away from first launch, for me anyway. I'll be sending a few pics soon of the event, if I remember the camera.

I Just Have to Bake it at 350...

That was my answer to my wife upon her inquiring about my newfound discovery, the fact that with the floor boards removed I could sit under the small cuddy of my Lehman 12'. I had sold it to a fellow a couple of years back and regretted it ever since. She came back a month or so ago so now I'll be able to revisit some ideas.

I picked it up as a derelict shell, forlorn and abandoned sitting upside down in the weeds over in Flower Bluff. It was like a blank canvas to an artist. So I went to work. The cabin top was supposed to raise giving headroom sitting on the floor. Today my discovery with the floors intentionally removed to add a couple of layers of fiberglass to the bottom on the inside, was that I had headroom. Looks cute some say, don't care much for that term, I'm looking at it from the backpacker's point of view. It'll carry far more than any old back, or young one as well. It amazes me what can be carried along for the ride.

So anyway, the wife, who is dead set against me dragging sawdust of any sort into the house, really frowns upon my dust making. I understand, I understand, as a neighbor always says. Upon my showing her my new discovery, she starts in with what all I need to do, pointing to the removal of the floor stringers and general sanding that'll be needed.

We've had this talk numerous times in the past. She just can't understand what enjoyment I derive from such work, work, work. I've mentioned in the past it's really no different than with her enjoyment of cooking and trying new dishes in the kitchen, what with the pots and pans needing cleaning and the failed experiments. Scrubbing pots and pans has never been my thing. Neither was mowing the lawn. I let the neighbor do it for a monthly fee. It's a luxury, I know, it also inspires some ribbing from time to time. But still I let the neighbor do so, all the while the friends I have here all cut their own lawns, more power to them.

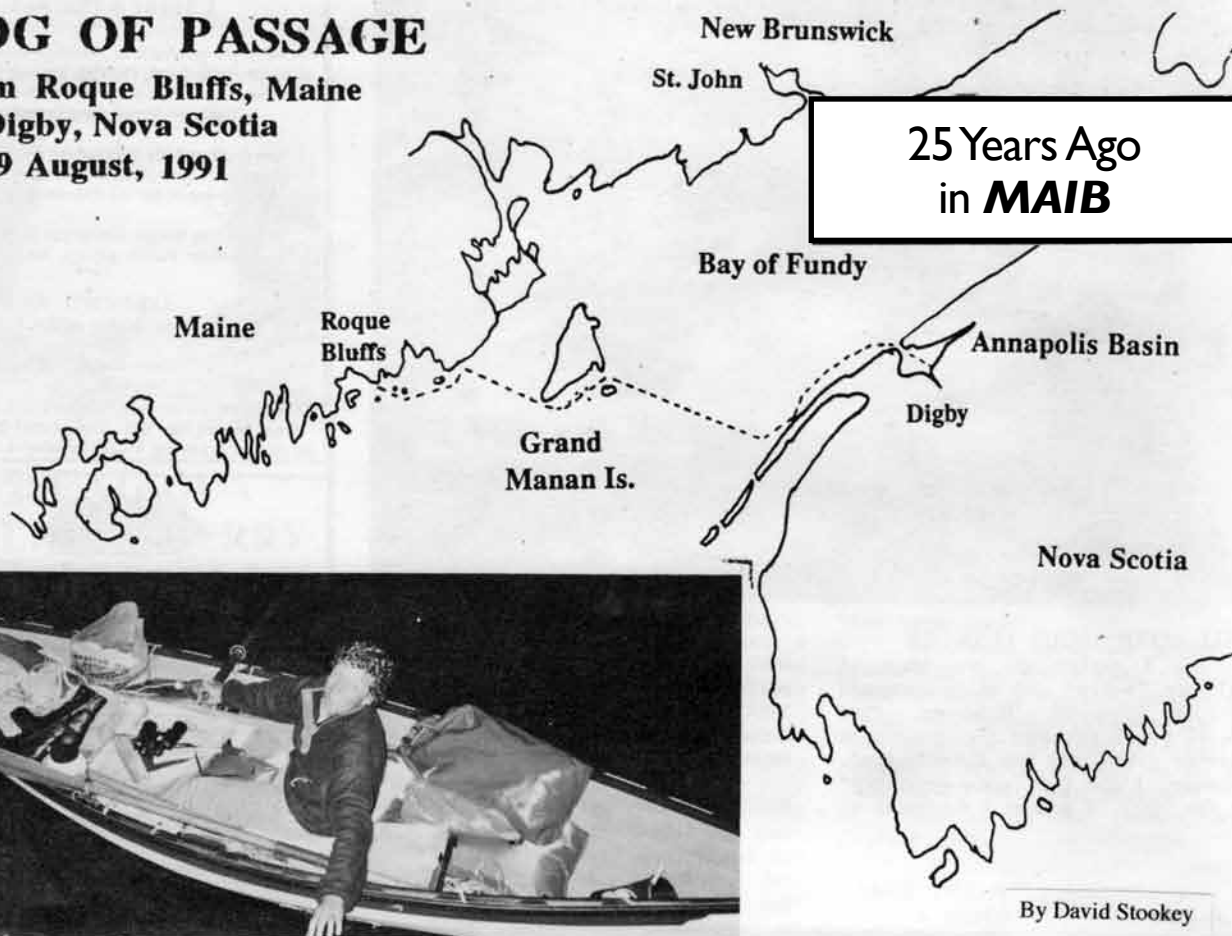
So today when she asked her standard question, my mind was racing for a likely and loving answer. So when I said, "I'm going to bake it at 350," she knew just what I was saying and walked away laughing. What a sport. She's a keeper. And the boat, too



LOG OF PASSAGE

from Roque Bluffs, Maine
to Digby, Nova Scotia
7 - 9 August, 1991

25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



By David Stookey

To acquaintances who have asked "Why do that?" I said I got the idea of rowing across the Bay of Fundy when I found out my brother would be mate on a 100' schooner, the ANNE KRISTINE, 100 years old and operating this summer out of Digby, Nova Scotia. It seemed like a good idea to row across and see him.

I can only tell the truth to close friends and "Messing About" readers. I've really been planning to row to Nova Scotia since 1968, when I was doing a lot of coasting in my old plywood dory. I'll even be using the 1967 chart I marked up then in preparation for a crossing from Mt. Desert to Yarmouth which I never made. I have, however, managed since then to cover all the rest of the New England coast from Manhattan to Roque Island in Maine, so now it's time to row east — at least to the Canadian border.

A third reason for making this passage of about 90 miles across Fundy, including 25 miles of open water, is that I have recently been rowing a very fast, seaworthy gunning dory which I want to try out on one of my coasting trips. I've been borrowing it from its builder, Roger Crawford of Crawford Boats in Marshfield, Massachusetts. Roger's had a lot of success recently with his beautiful Melonseed design, and so he never made more than a few of these gunning dories. I first saw the boat when it finished a distant first in the hands of Steve Woll in Hull Lifeboat Museum's Snow Row three seasons back. It was blowing a steady 20 knots that February day when Steve beat most of the multi-oared boats too, and I was impressed.

Since Steve helped me find a sistership, his Crawford dory or mine has won just about every fixed-seat single race in the Northeast. In

fact the gunning dory finished first both years in the Oarmaster Trials, a race where contestants trade boats after each heat, thus testing boat and rower separately. One year's Trials were in smooth conditions, the other in rough weather. With such a fast and seaworthy boat available I just had to try it out for cruising.

Roger's gunning dory is 15' long, with a narrow flat bottom, no rocker, and a lovely sheer. Until you see the bottom you think it's a peapod. The gunning dory's speed, compared with my old boat, will be a welcome blessing on a long passage. More important, I can sleep in it. In my old dory with its long centerboard trunk and two major frames, it was virtually impossible to sleep aboard, and I always carried a tent and went ashore on islands to sleep. But on the Bay of Fundy with its 20-50 foot tidal rise and fall, this would be impossible. If I went ashore at the end of the flood, to sleep until the flood began again, I'd find myself yards, perhaps miles, from the water at low tide. I need to be able to anchor outside the low water mark and sleep in the boat, and the gunning dory is very comfortable for this.

Tuesday, 6 August 1991 The weather report this week sounds fairly good, but I have contingency plans. If it's very foggy or likely to be rough offshore, I'll just feel my way along the coastline and turn into Quoddy Roads, landing at Eastport, rowing only about 33 miles. Technically, that would finish my New England coasting, since I'd be on the Canadian border. If it's foggy or a rough, I'll try to get across to Grand Manan, and poke around in those waters for a few days. And if it's really bad, I'll just wait; I've got four or five days.

I've obtained some additional safety gear for this trip: for starters, two flotation bags

designed for canoes but which fit the dory perfectly. As the water is so cold, I've borrowed a dry suit, so if wind, wind against tide, or tidal overfalls threaten to swamp the boat, I'll put this psychedelic garment on to avoid exposure. I've brought a hand-held VHF radio as well, partly to communicate with Crane as I approach Digby and partly in case of emergency.

Wednesday, 7 August 1991 2030 Drive up to west-facing beach at Roque Bluffs State Park. Last of the sunset, sound of bugs and louder sound of a bug zapper in someone's yard further up the road. In the dark, I see the tide is almost to the road, so I won't have to drag the boat down the beach as I had to drag it up two years ago.

2220 Calm, warm. Ebb going down the beach fast. Shoved off using the roll of seaweed at tideline as a roller. Loom of large light south over the horizon.

Thursday, 8 August 0020 Light NW'ly, cooler. Pass #1 Green buoy in Foster Channel in the dark. Lumpy tidal current. I've been using Shoppee Island against the mainland as a back transit. It's been so accurate that I came within 200 feet of the buoy, but the island is just about to disappear in the darkness and distance. With the Milky Way over me, seals popping up here and there, flocks of seabirds sleeping on the water, I have a planetarium, aquarium and natural history museum all in one right here. I wish I knew more about any of them.

0215 Wind N10 so re-trim the boat to handle beam wind. Pass SW corner of Cross Island. I have chosen to thread my way through these islands in the dark rather than go around them to the west partly because it is the direct route but partly because it's a more interesting

navigation challenge. Fortunately or otherwise, it turns out that handy back-bearings make the job dead simple.

0300 Pass Scotch Island (10 nautical miles, 0440 elapsed, @2.2 knots). Lots of shooting stars. I'm steering by picking stars directly aft, but Polaris is slowly spinning my guide stars into the sea — and thereby throwing me slightly off course to the south. There is a weird pinkish aid to navigation ahead, what can it be? A few minutes later it reveals itself: the new moon rising! In this setting it's a very exciting sight, but in fact it's really pretty garish. Why is it that sunsets are so beautiful in real life and so ugly in photographs?

I find that the plastic bucket I grabbed from the barn before setting off has a large split across the bottom. Fortunately I discovered this by partially filling it with seawater and hearing the leak before I brought the bucket inboard, rather than by filling it with any other liquid inside the boat.

I am almost sleeping while still rowing. My eyes lose focus; although wide open, they see nothing. And my brain is half dreaming, but I continue to pull at about 2 knots and look around every 30 strokes or so. Despite the dreaming, I am conscious of what's going on, and there seems no tendency to row slower and slower to the point of full sleep. Interesting. In a dozen or more overnight passages, I've never experienced it before.

0400 Just south of Cutler. Can make out Grand Manan Island now thanks to first light behind it. In this near-calm it would be dead easy to just slide on down the coast to Eastport, but this is the perfect opportunity for a Fundy crossing. Change course to start across to Grand Manan.

There's a big tide on a noisy buoy in the middle, but I have seen no boats or other signs of humans anywhere about, except for the loom of all those lights off to the south. It's been there all night. It must be a fishing fleet, but looks like a city.

0700 Light NW wind, hot sun. Canada geese flying to Grand Manan are still the only sign of life. The tidal current is more or less abeam, so there's not much point of crossing on the flood unless it's the safety of being pushed to a narrower part of the channel. I am having to steer 30 degrees off course to allow for the current. I'm feeling very tired at the moment; I'm sure it will pass.

Sure enough, just as the Pilot says, the tide turns first alongshore. I just passed through a line of wavelets and rockweed about a half mile offshore. Inside it I'm being pushed the other way. I can tell we're entering Canadian waters: a broken hockey stick just floated by.

0830 A sailboat! leaving Grand Manan heading SW but far enough south of me so they may not even have seen me. Sails are up, but the small sloop is obviously motoring. With the prevailing wind on the nose, this may be one of the few places sailors can use the expression, "I'm going up to Maine."

0900 Wind WNW 5-10 Pass Southwest Head on Grand Manan Island (26 miles, 1040 elapsed, @2.44 knots). Canada! I've now completed this coast-of-New-England project that I've been at since 1965. Still very tired. In previous passages, I'd row for 55 minutes, planning in my mind what chores I would do during my next 5-minute rest. On this passage I have begun to take short chore breaks with greater frequency. Some lose only a few strokes, others a few minutes. I also find that when I'm tired it's easier to stop for a few strokes and write down what I need to do the next time I do

chores than to store the chores in my head. Now I write

Tape compass (to side deck, in anticipation of open water crossing of Fundy) Inflate 2nd bag (floatation bag; I only did one at the launch) Adjust trim (to account for change in relative wind direction)

1045 Very sunny, calm, lots of birds. Anchor from stern on northern side of Wood Island Harbor (30 miles, 1225 elapsed, (@2.42 knots). I measure the depth with the anchor line, looking for at least 18' under me. My first cast was in less, so I row offshore a few strokes and try again, in about 20 feet.

1100 - 1515 Sleep under the emergency blanket with the reflective side up. I am awakened by a fisherman bumping alongside in a small boat and reaching in under the tarp. Whether he is concerned about an apparently abandoned boat or seeing if there was anything to steal I couldn't say, but when he finally notices me under my tarp, he is pretty surprised. He asks a few questions about origin and destination, and as he leaves he remarks that I am anchored over some rocks. When I finally wake after 3:00 to set out for Nova Scotia, the tide is out and both of us were right. His rocks are right next to me, well out of the water, but I'm anchored in water just deep enough so I never touched them.

1600 Calm, sunny. Weighed anchor. Said out loud, "Go for it!" I have a few hours of rowing to get across this bay of islands to the SE of Grand Manan and then out into the Bay of Fundy. I've had about four hours of sleep. Somehow, I never seem to row for six hours with the tide, then rest for six hours during the unfavorable current the way I simplistically imagine these journeys.

Stopping to do a few chores on the southern beach of Wood Island, I am now on Canadian soil, albeit below high water mark. I feel a little guilty being there, as I haven't checked in with customs yet. Because of the dry weather, I've not stowed my food supplies. They are all sitting in two brown paper shopping bags on top of the other gear. I've brought far too much!

1735 Pass Bellbuoy at Sand Bar Ledge with noticeably favorable current. Pass several seals, but these don't come right up to the boat the way the ones in Maine used to. This would be a pleasant cruising grounds — lots of little

islands including Kent Island with an ornithological research station on it, and lots of tide and rocks to make pilotage interesting. The big dangerous rips begin about three miles south of here.

This remote bay, however, is the closest to civilization I've been. In fact, I feel more surrounded by human activity than in Duxbury, my hometown harbor. There are the sounds of trucks and at least one motorcycle on White Head Island; diesel-powered fishing boats are criss-crossing the bay; and despite what I have read about Grand Manan and White Head being the only inhabited islands here, there are many houses visible on all of the islands except Cheney Island and, strangely enough, Grand Manan itself.

I had rather hoped to find that the weather was just bad enough to let me get to Grand Manan and no further. That would give me the excuse to have a look around. It's supposed to be a pretty isolated island, for its size. Willa Cather spent 18 summers here, and wrote "Death Comes To The Archbishop," among other novels here. I gather she took care never to write anything about the island for fear that she might attract attention — and more outsiders — to it.

Upon entering Cow Passage to the north of White Head Island I maneuver around a large weir. It has no netting, but I decided not to pass between the stakes anyway. I notice the current pulling me through the passage at a leisurely speed. However when I disembark on a sandbar to do some last minute chores before entering Fundy, I find that the tide is rising more than an inch a minute. In fact, the area where I was standing turned from a large island of sand and grass to a swirling expanse of water in less than five minutes.

There is a funny whooping sound coming across the water from Cheney Island every 20 seconds or so. At first I thought it was a rare seabird, but now I imagine to be the alarm on a fisherman's BMW.

Setting off through the Cow Passage, I am pulled by a 1-2 knot current over a shallow grassy bottom. It's hard to see where ahead lie the deeper passages and where the sandbars, but I find the best guide is to steer exactly as the grass and seaweed fronds beneath me are bending; presumably the water is telling itself which way to flow to find the least resistance, so I use



the grass as my pilot.

At the outer end of the passage I pass several Great White Herons, with whitish heads and long legs. They look like dignified butlers standing up, with erect heads on long necks, but when they fly they curl their neck back almost like a snake about to strike and trade their dignity for the slightly ludicrous aspect of a pelican or a flamingo.

1855 Light W'y. Leave Sheep Rock Head (37 miles, 1520 elapsed, (@ 2.41 knots). Steer 115 degrees magnetic into Bay of Fundy. There is a huge freighter anchored to the north of me about five miles away. Why would a freighter anchor here? For that matter why would a freighter of this size come into the Bay of Fundy in the first place? St. John is the largest port, and it's about the population of Duxbury.

I hardly notice the rowing. That's probably good and may be due to the greater speed and more comfortable rowing position of the Gunning Dory over my old dory. I guess I should be grateful that the miles go by without my noticing the rowing, but in a sense I miss that old consciousness of the pulling and feathering, pulling and feathering.

A small fishing boat turns and comes alongside. It's so calm that we can just float next to each other, he with his outboard off, me with only an occasional pull on the oars to keep facing him. After asking, "You got a sailboat around here someplace?" he's interested in my journey. Fishing is his hobby. He tells me that the freighter is a Russian fish factory, buying herring from the very large weir just north of us ("the most productive on the East coast") run by the people of White Head Island. He says there are several such Russian factories in the Nova Scotia area.

As we talk, whales pass, spouting. He says he thinks they are right whales but doesn't sound very certain. It's probably a good guess. I read that Fundy is the home of a significant proportion of the total world population of northern right whales. After inviting me to visit him at his store on Grand Manan, he motors off towards the lights of the island. For an island that seemed pretty barren up close, with hardly a house showing anywhere during the daytime, Grand Manan is ablaze with lights now at sunset.

Friday, 9 August 1991 0100 It's cold, so I've put on my balaclava and a new fleece pullover. It's amazingly warm! I feel I'm dozing except for my arms and back. Pictures from children's books I have never read are in my semi-dreams, while my open eyes see nothing. Again I can snap out of it at any time, and frequently do to check my course on the Silva compass taped to the flotation chamber by my thigh.

The fluorescent material on the needle and guides is old and needs to be refreshed with the flashlight before each reading. Each time I go back into my dozing state, the pattern of stars in my vision gradually blurs into the same abstract design before going blank.

I can still see no land-based lights on the Nova Scotia side, although there are a few boats in that direction. For amusement and to keep me more awake, I listen from time to time to the Coast Guard and other traffic on the VHF. Since I'm not transmitting, I can't be using much juice.

0300 The sea is so calm that I can see the stars in it. The Milky Way, which is very bright overhead, stretches from south to north and is rotating west, just as if it were a very slow jump rope I am using. I'm unusually conscious of it,

perhaps because I'm steering by selected stars directly behind me. I have to change my star every hour or so, as the previous one nears the horizon and dims out.

These stars are also moving slightly north as they descend, throwing my course off to the south slightly. This creeping error, probably less than 5 degrees, together with the ebb current and my plan to hit Nova Scotia well south of Digby to minimize the open-water distance, is putting me well off the straight line course to Digby. Although I have been steering 125 degrees, a back bearing on the Great Duck Island light on Grand Manan indicates that I am making good closer to 140 degrees. This will get me to the coast a bit sooner, but will add to my subsequent trip up the coast. I am hoping that as the current turns about now and starts flooding, I'll be set back to the north quite a bit.

0515 Wind SW 10-15 The VHF tells me that it is 10 degrees Celsius on Grand Manan; I figure that's 50 degrees Fahrenheit and pretty cold for the middle of August. Also on the VHF are voices speaking Russian, but with the words "Yes" and "Arigato" included in the conversation. Whales break the surface nearby every few minutes, but all I can see in the dark is the spray of their breathing.

0730 Wind S 5-10, sunny. About a mile off the Nova Scotia shore. It's been a long night, but I managed to doze through most of it while still pulling at 2 knots or so. The Nova Scotia coast is almost featureless, but I figure I am off Trout Cove.

I'm running up the coast just outside a noisy tide eddy that marks the boundary between the flood in the bay and the beginning ebb along the shore and hoping to see the Digby-St. John ferry emerge from Digby Gut further up the coast, or better yet the ANNE KRISTINE! The hope of seeing the schooner gives me lots of thought about whether or not I'd accept a tow from them at this point. I rationalize that I could because the ANNE KRISTINE itself, not Nova Scotia, is my destination.

0850 Round the low headland and turn into Trout Cove (67 miles, 2915 elapsed, @ 2.29 knots). I have another 15 miles to row to Digby!

Trout Cove is no more than an indentation in the coast with a series of breakwaters forming an artificial harbor. I rowed in, tied up, and asked if I could use the bathroom and change clothes in the fish processing plant. There was little point in pushing on up the coast against the ebb, especially since even if I could sneak up the coast, I'd only arrive in full ebb and have to wait at the gut to get through. Better to wait here.

I adjust the lines on my boat to allow for a long fall during the ebb and also move it to a deeper portion of the breakwater, partly to be sure it will be floating when I wake at low tide and partly to avoid its capsizing if it grounded. Apparently the dredging of Trout Cove harbor is so severe that the bottom next to the pier slants down enough to overturn a flat-bottomed boat. After securing the dory I manage about three hours sound sleep until a man I met calls to me that the current was just changing along the shore, and that I can make progress now. I find I'm a bit unsteady and slow on my feet, with the feeling of the sea still in my legs. It may in fact be simply tiredness, as I've not experienced much swell in the previous day and a half on the water. Climbing down the 35' iron ladder to my boat I am especially careful. I wonder if it is the most dangerous thing I've done on the trip so far.

1410 Calm, hazy. Outside the mole, then outside the cove, I hear noises across the water much further than I can see. Even bird cries seem audible for several miles. A Gannet flies by, and there are more herons on the rocks. I hug the shore, for the first few miles until I judge that the current had turned in the bay itself, then move out a bit.

Two gulls fly by discussing things. I can see them as clearly in their reflection on the water as by looking up.

A place like the Bay of Fundy makes you wonder what the actual dynamics of tidal currents are. How is the moon's gravitational force translated into horizontal movement. How can the tidal differential be so great over only fifty miles? What part of the ocean supplies the water to let the coast for hundreds of miles add 20 feet in height? Does that part of the ocean get any lower? I wonder if anyone has ever written a good explanation for the layman. If it's true that this is "the greatest tidal activity in the world, carrying 150 billion tons of water and equalling the 24-hour flow of all the rivers in the world," it seems to me there is room for some explanation of how it actually works.

1745 Now I see the St. John ferry coming in from the north and entering the Gut a mile or so up ahead. I still feel weary, but the gunning dory is my salvation. I can't think of another boat I'd have trusted for a 25 mile open water passage and which I'd still be pulling so comfortably after 80 miles of rowing.

1830 Enter Digby Gut. For the first half mile into the gut, at this time of greatest flood, there seemed to be no current at all. I even stopped the dory dead in the water to gauge my slight drift against the hills. Now as I approach the center of the gut, things become noisier, with big smooth swirls that try to slew the boat around. Finally I get a ride! At its noisiest, I figure I am getting a five-knot boost, as promised. This business of rowing in heavy currents is great in theory. You can ride the current when it's with you and sleep when it's not, but I seem to have planned this trip to have only a few hours of truly favorable current. Most of my time I'm being pushed sideways. It's nice to end with a big push forward.

As I emerge from the gut into the Annapolis Basin, with the St. John's ferry loading at its big dock to the west and the lights of Digby and Cornwallis twinkling in two other directions, I call ANNE KRISTINE on the VHF. Crane tells me where they are and offers me dessert, as they are just finishing dinner.

A few minutes later, as it begins to get completely dark I hear Crane calling me to correct his directions, but when I try to acknowledge, the damn radio indicates it's out of juice. (These modern conveniences are more dangerous than helpful; what if I'd been relying on it!) When they can't raise me, the ANNE KRISTINE radios the St. John ferry to ask if they can see me. They can, and report my position and heading. Shortly I hear a shout across the water and out of the darkness comes the ANNE KRISTINE's launch, rowed by Crane and Amanda Madeira, the other mate, with Norman Baker the skipper standing at the tiller.

2100 We row in tandem back to the ANNE KRISTINE (88 miles, 36 hours elapsed, @ 2.44 knots average), where I tie up alongside their inflatable and barely manage to climb up to hugs all round. They inform me that we will be picking up a full crew of Sea Cadets and, with square sail set, leading a sail-by for the Digby Scallop Day celebrations first thing tomorrow morning. Time for some sleep.

Environment

The state of Florida is planning on spending over \$1.2 billion to build a reservoir near Lake Okeechobee in order to stem the toxic algae that has created a state of emergency along the Florida coast. But not everyone agrees that the reservoir will be the solution. One major issue is the need to purchase 60,000 acres of agricultural land that many have questioned necessary. On the other hand, coastal businesses complain that their livelihood is endangered because of the several inches thick sludge from the St Lucie River dumping along the shores of the Treasure Coast. The folks around Biscayne Bay complain that their ongoing frustrations over the continuing water quality concerns have gone without notice in Tallahassee. With the new EPA director and new administration, it will remain interesting to see what, if anything, is done.

A great friend in South Dakota mentioned in March that they no longer winter in Florida because of all the crud that emanates from Okeechobee. He said that what used to be fairly blue water too often resembles brown hog lot runoff. The answer, of course, is to cut EPA by 34%.

A few months ago a reader stated that this writer needed a map of Florida and a good compass because I mistook the west coast of Florida for the east coast where all the algae problems were occurring. Sorry to say, I was correct and my source was the *Tampa Bay Times* plus observations around Sarasota and reports from Sanibel Island, all of which are on the Gold Coast or west coast of the state. Unfortunately the water issues of this incredible state are on both coasts and in the myriad of lakes between. Florida is a unique environment with a singular ecology that must be preserved.

Despite "alternative facts" cited by some political figures, the scientific facts clearly point to significant environmental changes most of which are directly manmade. The US can only bear a modest amount of the blame. China and India are perhaps the two worst polluters on the globe, nevertheless, playing politics with the environment, particularly in areas like Florida, is irresponsible (OK, OK, I will get off the soapbox).

In the realm of environmental studies, three items are noteworthy. Florida recently announced that over 650 manatees were counted in an annual census. This is the highest number in several years. Immediately certain members of Congress demanded that the manatee be removed from the endangered species list. The primary cause of endangerment to the manatee is high speed pleasure boats. God forbid we should create a no wake zone in order to maintain a species from extinction. Hey, it's Miller time!

The other factoid (NOT alternative fact or false news) is that the popular pan fish, the sunfish, is down in numbers along the Upper Mississippi according to the Minnesota DNR. Usually approximately 30% of the fish annually counted in an electro shock non harming system are of the sunfish variety. This year only 10% were sunnies. When I was a kid my grandfather would take me fishing on the Mississippi, but being one of little patience, my interest waned quickly unless he found a hot spot of pan fish. Blue gill, crappies and sunfish were the best and easiest to catch.

Divers have been inspecting the bottom of the Chicago Sanitary and Ship Canal for debris, trash and stuff. The waterway is



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

cluttered with so much junk that working in the Canal is considered a highly dangerous job requiring significant safety measures and training. Among the materials found and removed were a farm wagon, failed equipment of parasite elimination projects and flood detritus.

Good News/Bad News

Is the Mississippi River getting better or worse? Reggie McLeod, editor of *Big River* magazine, says, "it depends." Twenty-five years ago we didn't have pelicans on the river nor were eagles to be found. River towns were pretty run down, sewage was dumped directly into the river and public parks and campgrounds were pretty minimal. Today that has all changed.

But the flip side is that the backwaters are filling in, invasive fish and plants are wreaking havoc with the natural environment and the nitrogen/phosphate runoff from too much agricultural chemicals threaten all flora and fauna and are largely responsible for the dead zone in Louisiana.

McLeod claims that the biggest threat to the river is from Capital Hill where a plethora of idiots want the government to sell about 261 miles of Wildlife and Fish Refuge from Lake Pepin, Minnesota, to the Quad Cities in Iowa. Yes indeed, think of all the corn and soybeans that can be raised on that land. And we need more corn. In 1965 a bushel of corn was worth \$3.50 and today it gets about \$3.50 so we have to plant more and more. The "fact" (if such a thing exists in the American lexicon anymore) that we have had several record crops and the 2015 corn is still in storage should have no influence on the decision. Damn tree huggers...

Yachts

The Vendee Solo Circumnavigation race reiterated its past example that yachting is for the rich and silly. Alex Thomson aboard *Hugo Boss* was considered the boat to beat until it smacked an underwater object and destroyed a foil. 2004 champion Vincent Riou also collided with an unseen object and damaged the axis of his canting keel. The Japanese *Spirit of Yukoh* lost her mast and headed to land with a jury rig. And perennial favorite and probably the most popular of Vendee Globe skippers, Kito de Pavant, abandoned *Bastide Otio* after a magnificent failure of the painful kind. Most of these viciously expensive boats were traveling in excess of 21knots. How much sympathy they deserve is, no doubt, proportional to one's income.

Along the same lines, can the America's Cup World Series truly be considered sailing competition? These boats have rock hard solid sails, are designed to virtually fly above the water, sail at speeds twice the speed of the wind and merely keep a popsicle stick of a foil in the sea. Is this really "sailing" or am I simply "outdated?"

Mississippi Bob Brown and I have different opinion about the pulchritude of the modern cruising yacht. He sees them as majestic, providing the best of nautical engineering and a style that is exemplary. I find the Euphoria 68, for example, a trapezoid void of any style with a plumb bow and stern and flat deck showing virtually no cabin. A decent kindergartner could draw this ship with great alacrity. Gee, somehow spending a couple of million bucks on a boat should look a little nautical, not like a pyramid that fell over. On the other hand, they who can afford a new Euphoria 68 do not read this magazine nor do they care an iota about my opinion.

The new Fountaine Pajot catamaran 47 has more floor space and bedrooms than my house. Maybe it should, it costs about ten times what an Iowa house costs. Designers Morelli and Melvin built the HH66, a 28' beamed behemoth with a centerboard that can be raised to sail in 5' of water. It sports a mere 2,300sf of sail unless it is running on two 80hp Yanmar engines. You can buy one for a measly \$3.7 million from the factory.

Sail magazine recently noted a change in cruiser sailing destinations over the last few years. In 1987 250 boats sailed into New Zealand but in 2015 669 hit their harbors. In 1990 200 boats visited Darwin in Australia but only 72 in the census year of 2015. The Northwest Passage through Canada was attempted once in 1901 but 11 went from the Pacific to the Atlantic in 2015. In a no brainer, the Suez Canal saw 200 cruisers in 2000 but only 19 during the research. In 1990 the Antarctic was a cruiser destination for eight boats and 32 visited it in 2000, however, 2015 saw a dip in yachts dodging icebergs possibly because of the large number of large cruise ships running around the continent.

Gray Fleet

The US Navy is postulating the concept of a "Ghost Fleet," a nickname for unmanned entities consisting of Unmanned Aerial Vehicles (drones) and Unmanned Surface Vehicles (duh, ships?). Using the swarm method of attack, the Navy can hit a fleet from three directions with inexpensive weapons without the loss of humans. As mentioned previously, war games have shown that a typical military ship can be sunk using as few as 30 drones at a cost of \$15,000 each. Purchased in quantity the drone costs sink to \$7,000. My grandchildren may serve in naval warfare from the cozy comfort of an easy chair and a joy stick in San Diego, St Louis or St Petersburg. Somehow this sounds better than sweating to death in a locked compartment on a destroyer in Southeast Asia.

The *USS Gerald Ford* (CVN-78) is on builder's trials to ensure everything works properly before the Navy commissions her as our newest aircraft carrier. These trials also allow the prospective crew an opportunity for training, certification and familiarity with equipment. However, no planes shall be launched or landed during the trials for the obvious reason that testing launch equipment and landing wires before using real planes and pilots is probably smart. Later, during acceptance trials, the Navy will put this ship through a rugged and tough evaluation before actually assuming ownership.

The *USS Zumwalt* (DDG-1000), the model of what a 21st century destroyer should be like, is also on trials testing her combat gear and armaments. The Surface Fleet is especially interested in this ship after embarrassing itself with the LCS problems.

USS Antietam's (CG-54) CO, Captain Joe Carrigan, saw his career disappear when his cruiser ran aground in Tokyo Bay due to savage winds that pushed the ship onto the shoals before his crew could counter the movement. RADM Charles Williams, CO Task Force 70, removed the skipper after viewing initial reports. The ship must now undergo significant repair to the propellers, shafts and other machinery. A similar accident a few years ago cost approximately \$40 million.

Senator John McCain (R-AZ), the Hill's most Navy oriented man, is boiling over the unending tribulations with the LCS ships. Originally opposed to building these ships as they were configured, McCain is furious that his initial doubts have indeed proven true. Worse, McCain is angered that the current administration is pushing up the timeline for additional ships while the current batch is demonstrating a plethora of design flaws. McCain and the President, although both conservative Republicans, seem to detest each other and often resemble two bears looking for a fight.

Nautical Archeology

The *USS Houston* (CA-30) was sunk during the Battle of the Java Sea, March 1942, along side of Australia's *HMAS Perth*. Australian museums and archeologists have discovered that *Houston* is fairly intact and not far from the sunken *Perth*, however, amateur divers have raided both ships. The US has complained diplomatically to Jakarta about recreational divers entering the tomb of US ships that remain the final resting place for over 350 sailors. While some brass parts have been removed, a trumpet and some dishes were turned over to Australian authorities. Divers have raided most sunken American ships that are within diving depths for years and one sunken Dutch submarine was entirely scrapped by a salvage company. Of course, this obviates the discussion of ethics and wrecks containing the bodies of crew and the desires to retain artifacts of historic ships. If the concept of ethics still exists.

Odyssey Marine Exploration is locked in a lawsuit with the Spanish government over a sunken ship nicknamed the *Black Swan* that contains over 500,000 rare coins. The dispute is over salvage rights, ownership and preservation of archeological sites. Salvage rights have long been a somewhat disputed issue. A ship abandoned at sea is open for the taking. If a boat or ship sinks in international waters it is liable for salvage. However, if the ship is an archeological site or contains the remains of crew, the issue gets complicated. Double standards exist between land based sites and ships such as *Black Swan* or the *Atocha* because of the incredible amount of gold and silver aboard. Salvagers want that money, archeologists want it undisturbed for scholarly analysis and the original owners want their goods.

The United Nations UNESCO Convention on the Protection of Underwater Cultural Heritage was ratified by 55 countries, but not the United States or England, and it merely offers a general idea that cultural sites be left in situ unless preservation, which is impossible under those circumstances. The UN Convention on Laws of the Seas proffers another conflicting concern. Worse, that particular convention has not been ratified by many of the most powerful nations including the United States. Treasure hunters, scholars, and governments will continue to fight for a long, long time.

Miscellaneous

Passenger steamboats plied the mighty rivers of America for over a hundred years evoking images of men in white suits smoking cigars while chatting with lace dressed women in hats and parasols walking decks under steamy clouds of smoke curling from crowned smokestacks. The passenger lists included gamblers, hustlers, travelers, riff-raff, crew, itinerant preachers, soldiers, businessmen, damsels and chaperones. And all the while the calliopes whistled recognizable songs of Stephen Foster or old folk songs known by all.

The calliope was as big an element on the boats as an anchor. The use of steam forced through sundry pipes was loud, proffering a sound rarely in tune due to abuse of the pipes. Since steam was available for power, a little bit of it was easily available for a music machine.

Originally patented in 1855, calliope builders developed their wares all over the country. By the turn of the century Norman Baker of Muscatine, Iowa, saw a possibility for an air compressed version called The Tingley that could be used in circuses and in advertisement campaigns. Described as "ethically challenged," Baker built these machines, founded a radio station to make tirades against Jews, Catholics and the American Medical Association while promoting his own patent cancer cure. He eventually lost his broadcasting license and spent four years in prison for fraud. His calliope business continued off and on for several years until 2008 when Dale Miner bought the company. The Tingley Calliopes are still built in Muscatine, the only such manufacturer in the world.

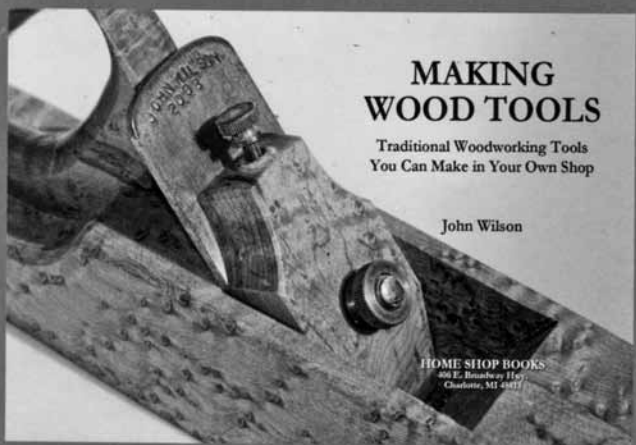
For those of us who love Jimmy Buffet's boat music and drowning our sorrows in Margaritaville, he has shown that the sea and age have no boundaries. He has now opening a Margaritaville Retirement Center near Fort Lauderdale, Florida, for us parrotheads who are beginning to feel our age, reluctantly, but still like "booze in the blender." A 55+ small city, it is modest in costs (\$200,000 to \$300,000) with golf carts as the prime mode of transportation. This, coupled with a recent visit to Elvis Presley's Grace-land, knowing he would be over 80 now, sends mortality waves through my clogged arteries in my senile brain.

Inland Waterways

A Review and Plan for the Brandon Lock and Dam on the Illinois River was scheduled for release early this year but was blocked by the Trump administration. EPA is trying to keep pesky Asian carp from infiltrating interior rivers and streams, but the administration feels that the cost of such projects is too expensive. Great Lakes Area Congressmen are in an uproar.

The Army Corps of Engineers is planning on dredging the Mississippi to a depth of 50' allowing heavier merchant ships to add 13 more miles of travel reaching New Orleans. Over 11,400 ships hit this water annually. This is supposed to add \$11.49 million in economic growth and create thousands of new jobs. Louisiana businessmen are confident that President Trump's promise of enhancing the US infrastructure will ensure completion of this project.

The Central Ohio River Business Association (CORBA) has conducted a massive asset survey of region. This particular report cites ports, terminals, railroads, potential building sites, tourism sights and business opportunities (I am so proud of using cites, sites and sights in a single sentence). This survey allows financial experts, politicians, business executives an extensive map for the future of river use covering over 19 counties.




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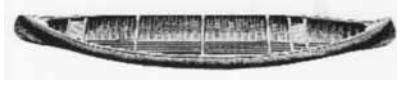
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NORUMBEGA CHAPTER ~ WCHA

Annual Winter Meeting

By Steve Lapey

Once again our annual gathering at the Hale Reservation in Westwood, Massachusetts, had to be postponed due to the snow storm on February 12. Fortunately the Trading Post Lodge was available for the following weekend and we were able to have the meeting on Sunday, February 19. With melting snow 21 members came out to have lunch, socialize and talk about old wooden canoes.

John Fiske even brought a canoe for everyone to see, a Chestnut Prospector from the mid 1960s that had belonged to Camp Kitchigama in Quebec. The canoe drew a lot of attention from our group of enthusiasts, even when it was sitting on a snow bank.



This big announcement was made at the meeting about the new Chapter project canoe that we plan to complete for the 2018 Assembly:

As you know, or have noticed, we do not have a Chapter project at the present time. I have had a couple of members mention that they miss the work sessions and working on one of our old canoes that will go to the Auction at the next WCHA Assembly. This year we are taking a well earned rest while the Three Rivers Chapter in Pittsburg is working on a 17' Old Town sailing canoe with sponsors for the 2017 Assembly. I have seen a few pictures of the project in their Chapter newsletter and on the WCHA forums and I am eager to see the finished product at Paul Smith's in July.

The 2018 Assembly will also be at Paul Smith's and the featured canoes will be Chestnut! I can't possibly tell you how excited I am to have wall to wall Chestnuts at Assembly! Our Norumbega Chapter will be bringing a Chestnut canoe for the 2018 Auction. For this event I wanted to restore a Chestnut, not just any ordinary Chestnut, but possibly the rarest of all, an Indian Maiden!

The Indian Maiden was featured in the catalogs from the 1920s until 1950 but it was never as big a seller as the Pleasure Models, the Cruisers, the Prospectors or even the Freighters. It was a fancy model with extremely high ends to simulate a native canoe. Made in two trim levels, the standard ones had all spruce trim with cedar decks, the fancier ones had mahogany trim and decks. And those decks! Upswept beyond belief, they were joined to the inwales in the "Arrowhead" style and had more curve to them than I have ever seen in any other canoe. I

have only seen three of the Indian Maidens, all of them were at the Canadian Canoe Museum in Peterborough. Dick Perrson has restored at least one of them and Mike Elliot in Washington State has restored one.

The really good news is that we have been given an Indian Maiden for this project! Member Macky Mongold has one that he will be bringing up to Assembly this July, I will bring it home and we will have one year to bring it back.

There is a little bad news. Macky acquired this Indian Maiden some time ago from a group in Florida that started to work on it before they realized that it was above their pay grade and that they knew nothing about wooden canoes. Macky took it just to save it. The only really bad news is that the previous owners removed the unusual decks and they have gone missing, replacements will have to be made. I am almost hoping that it is the standard model with cedar decks, if we have to bend mahogany for this it is going to be "Katie Bar the Door!" Fortunately Fitz has a new bending press so we can pass this task on to him.

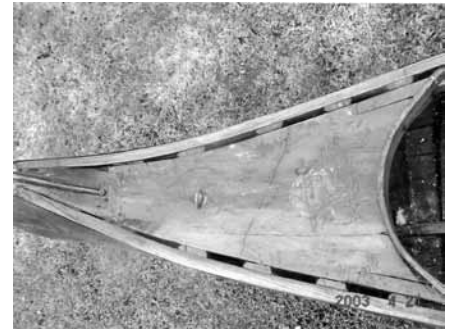
In researching the Indian Maiden I discovered that when Chestnut closed up shop in 1979 the Indian Maiden form was sold to Carl Jones who formed a company called Cedarwood Canoes. I don't know if Jones made any canoes off the IM form, but after he passed away his forms were sold to an outfit called Great Spirit Canoes and they are claiming to make about six models of Chestnut canoes including the Indian Maiden. I plan to contact them to see if they could help us with patterns or at least detailed photos of those special decks. With a little information I am sure we could duplicate anything that Chestnut ever made.

I am still waiting to see pictures of the Indian Maiden. Macky tells me that other than the deck problem the hull is in fairly good condition. While waiting I have a couple of pictures of Indian Maidens along with the 1950 Chestnut catalog for those of you who would like to see just what we plan to be dealing with.

This one was restored by Dick Perrson up in Buckhom, Ontario. I would like to see us produce one as nice as this.



Mike Elliot furnished the picture of the unique Indian Maiden deck. This will be fun to duplicate. You can see how the inwales are recessed into the deck so they don't have to be bent to shape, the outwales will still need a severe bend. Worst case scenario we can figure out some sort of a lamination, it will be fun to put it all together.



Jigs and Fixtures for the Canoe Shop

Text and Photos by Steve Lapey

Here at the canoe shop we have had several canoes in for repairs and restorations that have had the outside stems on them. Of all of them only one, an Old Town Motor Canoe, had an outside stem that we could re use. It seems that this part of the canoe takes a lot of abuse and the outside stems, even though they are usually made of white oak, are often not worth saving. Most often it is the at the tip of the stem where the rot sets in.

Today we are going to take a look at what it takes to make and install replacement outside stems that were a feature on many of the fancier canoes. Outside stems really have no practical value, they are mostly there for looks. A nice look it is, too, when the stems are finished bright and join the painted keel. On rare occasions the keels were finished bright also, but we have never had one here. Keels are normally made of a hardwood such as ash or white oak.

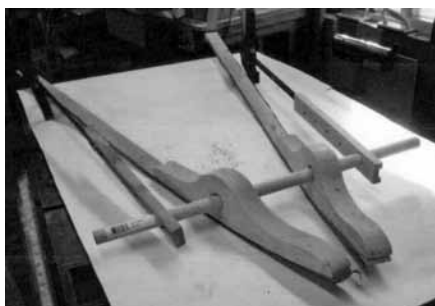
The outside stems are usually made of white oak which bends fairly easily. We have found that it is easiest to cut them to shape with their beveled sides prior to bending them over the form that has to be made up for each individual canoe.

Here is an example of a bending form for an outside stem that we used on a recent Morris canoe. It was made in less than an hour here in the shop using a piece of 1/4" Medium Density Fiberboard (MDF) and some scrap 2"x4" stock. The 2"x4" stock is cut to the curve on the bandsaw. Sheet rock screws make quick work of assembling the 2"x4" wood to the MDF.

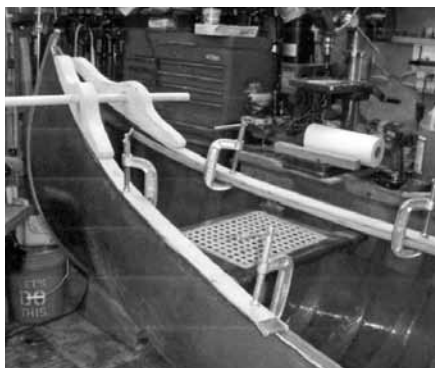


Once the stems have been bent to shape and checked for fit it will be time to attach them to the hull. The screw holes should be pre drilled for the screws that will be used. Most of the time we use #6x1½" brass or bronze screws for the task, pre drilling into the inner stem as we go along. The mounting holes should be drilled on 5" centers.

The outside stems need to be coated with an even coat of bedding compound to insure a waterproof installation and to fill any small gaps between the outside stem and the canvas. Start at the top of the stem, near the deck, and get one or two screws in and it will become apparent that you are going to need some way to clamp the outside stem tightly in place while installing the remaining screws. Here is where our special clamping fixture comes in to play, making the rest of the job go quickly and easily.



These parts were fashioned from some scrap wood, a length of ¼" dowel stock and two clamps from Harbor Freight. The stationary ends of the clamps were replaced with strips of wood with 1" holes drilled in them to accept the dowel.



Here the fixture is clamped in place along each gunwale. Two clamps on each side is best to ensure that nothing moves while the process continues. Keep moving the clamps along when drilling and screw each position into place.



At some time it becomes easier to flip the canoe over to continue the process. In this picture the keel has been temporarily put in position just to be sure that it will join in with the outside stem.



Everything done for now, the next task after the stems are on is to trim and fit the keel. The keel will be made to be a tight fit between the two outside stems, well bedded and screwed in place.

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In our last thrilling episode we had cut and prepared all the frames from 12mm (1/2") meranti marine plywood and ripped and scarphed the keel, gunwales and other stringers from 1x pine planks from Lowe's. Now we were ready to put dem dry bones together. But just so that you can see where we are headed, here is a pic of the (almost) finished product.



The strongback is a simple straight, not-twisted 2"x4" cut to 7'4" length, mounted to two plastic sawhorses with deck screws to which two end brackets are screwed to hold the straight flat keel in place. Again, there is no rocker in the Chuckanut keel, so after the bow and stern marine ply pieces are screwed on, the keel can be clamped to the strongback. Keel straightness is assured with a chalk line previously snapped on and small wooden blocks added each side of the keel to keep it from moving around.

The frames are placed on the keel at the specified locations. There are two closed frames forward of the cockpit, one open frame in the cockpit and two more closed frames at the stern. The stringers land on the bow and stern pieces attached to the keel. For this first boat I did not soak or steam any of the stringers before mounting them as I was not sure what that would do to the Titebond III wood glue I had used in the scarph joints. Those dry stringers required a great deal of force to bend around the frames. Had I used epoxy to glue the scarphs, I could have soaked/steamed the stringers before installing, to make the bends less stressful.



Dave Gentry Chuckanut 12 Build Part 2 - Buildin' the Bones

By Jim Brown

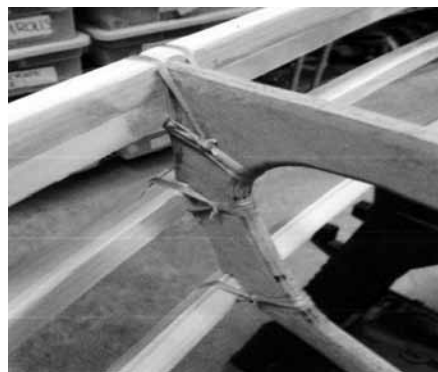
Dave Gentry recommends using epoxy as glue throughout the build, and I later purchased from Duckworks two 6.45oz tubes of System Three Silvertip Gel Magic Epoxy which comes with mixing tubes and is much more convenient to use than having to mix and thicken small batches of epoxy as I go. This epoxy is very slow curing so there are at least 30 minutes of "open time" where the epoxy in the mixing tube will remain usable, and even more time in cooler weather.

The gunwales go on first. Each gunwale is laminated from two 3/4" square stringers. The bottom parts of each gunwale are fastened to the frames with screws, then glue is applied and the top part of the gunwale is applied and likewise fastened with screws. Again, I used the Titebond III wood glue to laminate the gunwales. I staggered the scarph joints in each gunwale part to minimize the stress on those joints. There is considerable force required to make the bends in two planes at once! It will take quite a few clamps to try to get the gunwale laminates aligned both vertically and horizontally, which will be important later when applying the covering.

I happened to have several light 1" black straps about 4' long available which were essential to hold the stringers in place, especially at the bow and stern ends since otherwise it would require a great many more clamps available than I had. At the ends I temporarily inserted the occasional small wood screw just to keep the straps from slipping off the ends of the stringers.

Dave Gentry is also averse to using lashings to attach the stringers to the frames because of the tedium of doing all those lashings and recommends using the wood screws with a small dab of the System III epoxy instead. I liked the idea of lashing the stringers so ended up using a system of wood screws (because of too few clamps to hold everything together) combined with lashings.

Great videos about lashings are on Jeff Horton's Kudzu Kraft and other websites. Pay special attention to the demo on tying the figure eight stopper knot! Regular knots will not hold in the waxed polyester artificial sinew. I always backed up the very small stopper knot with an upstream couple of granny knots just to ensure the stopper would not pull through. I obtained the synthetic sinew for the lashings from Hobby Lobby. Also note in the below pic that I used a rat tail file to notch the gunwales, stringers or keel wherever the lashings were installed where the polyester covering would later go to avoid any bumps which might become wear points. Look closely at the middle stringer to see the only cracked stringer on the boat which occurred when I unnecessarily put in a screw after lashing just because all the other joints had screws! Actually, with the lashings, no screws were needed and I may not use them in the future.



The build requires only two sizes of stainless steel wood screws: #6x3/4" (75) and #8x1 1/2" coarse thread (60) So I would have plenty for two boats, I ordered two bags of 100 of each from Duckworks at very reasonable prices. It is absolutely essential to have a counterbore drill with adjustable length as both the marine ply and the stringers will probably split if they are not pre drilled for the screws. Actually, I used a #8 counterbore drill for all the screws, just adjusting the drill length as appropriate, and that worked fine. It is also handy to have two drill motors, one with the counterbore drill and the other with the screwdriver bit. I didn't have two so I had to change bits frequently which slowed things down a bit.



The biggest problem I had on the whole build was getting the angles where the gunwales and stringers land on the bow and stern pieces correct. I got better at estimating the angles as I went, but some of them were far from perfect and there were 12 of them to do. That's where that epoxy came in handy to fill the cracks and gaps. In fact, those are the only points where I used the epoxy on the build. I did not lash those bow/stern joints, just screws and epoxy. For those complex angles I tried my Japanese fine toothed pull saw and, when my arm got tired, used my saber saw. I have been casting my eye on oscillating saws I have seen for cheap at Walmart and Harbor Freight for this job on the next boat.

The second most difficult job was fitting the sharply curved carlins surrounding the cockpit in place and then pulled down to their landing on frame #5. It was necessary, as Dave recommends, to slit the 3/4" square carlins lengthwise from the front back to where they cross frame #3 in order to make that turn. Then the turn down to frame #5 is perpendicular to the first turn. The dry pine made the turns but that would have been a

good place to have soaked or steamed the wood first and maybe the slit would not have been required. All things considered, the stresses which remain throughout the framework would have been greatly reduced by soaking/steaming all the longitudinal pieces before making the bends around the frames. Maybe I'll do that for the next boat. I will just have to make a gizmo long enough to handle 14' stringers!



Then the frame was removed from the strongback and the keel was lashed to the frames, again filing a relief so the lashing wouldn't produce a bump in the fabric.



The frame was then stained. Here I made a move I later regretted. The can of stain was old, and after I removed the usual big ball of skin and glop the stain was thick. It was late and I was trying to get the stain on so I could do other things the next morning. I applied it anyway, neglecting to wipe off the excess completely so it turned out much darker than I desired, obscuring the lashings in the darkness. I wanted the lashings to be more visible in the cockpit. Next time I will use Tung or Watco oil instead. A later light sanding made it look some better. In this pic the ends of the carlins can be seen pulled down and screwed into frame #5.



I think it was about this point that I weighed the frame and it was 26lbs already, which was what the whole rig was to weigh when completed. This probably resulted from using heavier woods than specified (meranti/pine vs okoume/western red cedar). And I had yet to do flotation, coaming and floorboards, not to mention the covering and paint. Aaargh!

At that point I roughed in the coamings from 1/4" fir plywood I had around. Getting the coamings to conform to those sharp bends in the carlins was fairly difficult, as was getting the length of the coamings to fit properly in the cockpit opening but some cut and try did the trick. Also, from the same sheet of 1/4" fir ply I cut out the five 2" wide floorboards. The coaming halves and floorboards were stained a light color, sanded lightly and coated with a water based clear exterior varnish I had on hand. The floorboards were screwed and lashed in place with paracord per instructions. I was surprised at how nice those fir plywood parts looked when finished.



Now we have built the bones, so that is enough for this episode. Tune in for our next thrilling episode when we put meat on dem bones.

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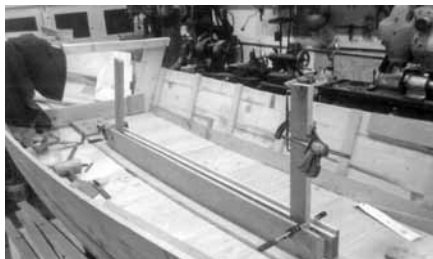
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I then built a steam box. I used a turkey fryer to generate the steam I needed. After numbering the hull and the plank ends I removed several of the cross planks to allow clamping of the ribs. I then used a batten to layout the edges of the planks and drilled pilot holes from the inside out so I knew where to drill for the screws. After steaming the oak I bent the ribs into the bow of the garvey, clamped and attached to the remaining ribs.



By Rick Lathrop

I installed two additional ribs on either side of the keelson for additional stiffness. While the boat was turned over I decided to make up the centerboard case and cut the slot for the centerboard. I used 1 1/2" oak for the centerboard case logs and 3/4" oak for the case sides. This was based on the drawings I have for the garvey.



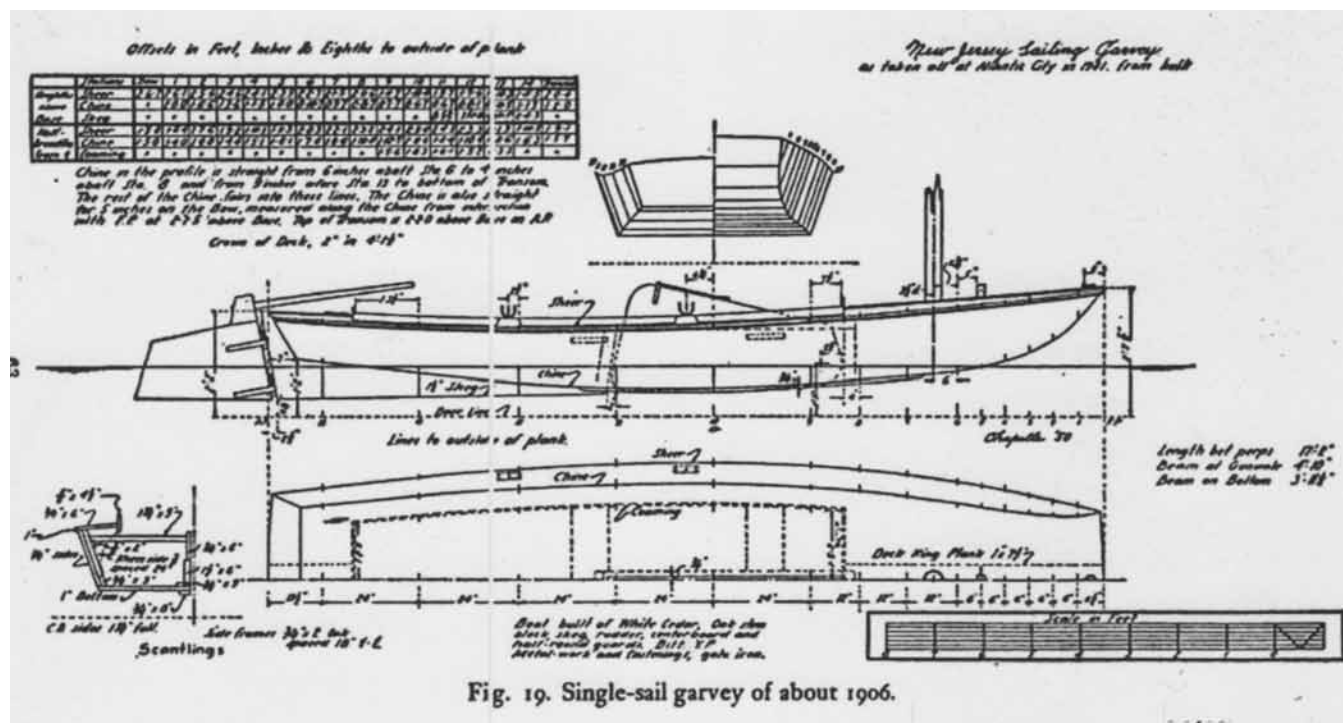
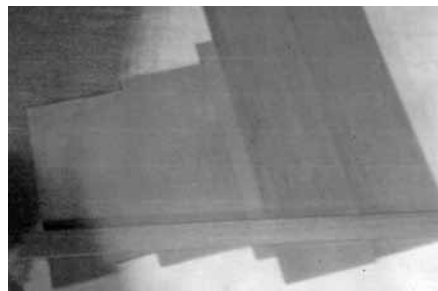
With help from my neighbor I flipped the garvey back over to finish the bottom. I shaped the bow and sanded the bottom. I then applied fairing compound to fill the holes.



Once that was completed I started to shape the skeg. The first part was to trace and then shape the bottom to fit the curve of the hull. Once that was completed I used my lofting drawings to get the dimensions for the skeg and sternpost.



With that done I started on the boards for the rudder. I used the lofting drawing to select and cut boards to the desired length. The board across the bottom of the boards will be used to add a breadboard to the ends of the boards to help resist warping of the rudder.



In this installment we see *Dancing Chicken* doing her impression of a phoenix rising from the ashes. And she has plenty of ashes to work with, too. Here is a picture of the ashes.



Here is some background information on how she happened to have these ashes to work with for her dramatic resurrection. On a February Saturday afternoon I was coming back down the trail from retrieving a can of kerosene from my jug stash and enjoying being able to use the sled. Right after the blizzard the trail I had cut through the snow by walking through it with boots and snow pants for the 200' from my camper to the road was too high and narrow for the sled. This happens sometimes when the snow I cut through is very deep, and right after the blizzard I'd been hauling them by the other method I usually used under such conditions, i.e., tying a sturdy piece of line onto the handle and dragging them up the trail.

Ordinarily that works OK, too. The surface of the snow is such that it's easy on the can itself and the weight of the can leaves the snowpack on the trail nice and smooth. For a while right after the blizzard, however, it was so narrow and uneven that the cans were more reluctant than usual, so to speak, to follow me as readily. But now it had melted down quite a bit and I was using the sled and chortling about how much easier it was.

I guess I was about 150' or so from the camper when I glanced over at it and thought, "Hmmm, the fog looks thicker over there at a spot near the east end of the camper..." and then I realized, "That's not fog." I quickened my pace, thinking, "Maybe I can get there in time to put it out." Then I got near enough to see the smoke also pouring out of the west end of the camper and I decided not to go back in. I hauled the kerosene can several feet away from the camper and then walked about 50 feet or so up the trail and called the fire department.

I could hear the pops as the one pound cans of propane I had in there went off. At that point it wasn't just smoke. Some very impressive flames were shooting straight skyward. I walked up to the road and spoke with the fire department personnel. They had come very quickly, for which I was glad, because while I knew the camper was bye bye I didn't want to have started a forest fire as well. I say "as well" because I realized that the fire was my fault.

Well, true, I hadn't actually realized that what caused it would do that. I remember thinking that the Christmas tree from a year or two ago that I had been keeping for sentimental reasons was starting to smell like it was getting warm. I also remember thinking that this was undesirable for the tree if I didn't want it to dry out any more than it already was. I'd thought about moving it to

Dancing Chicken A Mini Saga in ? Parts

By Gloria Sadler Burge
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Part V

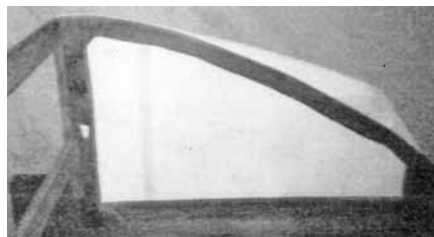
a cooler spot than where it was suspended, in its plastic wrapper, up near the ceiling in the bedroom. But it hadn't occurred to me that this was a priority, or that it needed to happen immediately, or that if I didn't it would spontaneously combust. But it was and it did and it did.

Meanwhile the ragged, harried guardian angel to whom I referred way back in, I guess it was segment one of this series (I say "I guess" because to check on such things I will now have to ask my friends who have copies to let me get copies of their copies because my thumb drives with all my files were in the camper) was again (or now that I think of it probably maybe still) on the job and got me out of there and up the trail before it went up. Also, his Boss is omniscient. So it's OK. It's OK because of that factor and also a saying comes to mind which I heard years ago which goes like this, "Nothing bad can happen to a writer. It's all material."

Meanwhile I could, of course, kick myself about not moving the tree when I first thought about it and I know I won't be able to totally keep from doing that off and on no matter how futile I could tell myself it is. But, of course, I also know that this sort of thing, if carried past a certain point, could cause me to become less able to, well, for one thing, figuratively help *Dancing Chicken* climb out of those ashes. Granted, at this point *Dancing Chicken* is little more than a concept and some photographs which I still have because my Android was in my pocket when I went to haul the kerosene, but at this point I figure I have two choices.

I could just send that picture of the ashes with *Dancing Chicken* RIP as the caption and leave it at that for the fifth and final installment, or...

I could take the photographs from the Android and what I've learned in the process and use them to try to give *Dancing Chicken* a hand up out of those ashes. Here is one of those photos from the Android. This one appeared in one of the other segments. In that segment I was deciding whether or not to use a design I'd drawn which would have corrected what I saw as a design defect in my original drawing, at least for the purposes of designing a dinghy whose length would be around 6'-8".



Then later, I decided that I would build the additional one or two sections and take *Dancing Chicken* out for her test voyage as originally drawn years ago in Houston. I had also decided that the mid ships and stern sections could be longer. The thought crossed

my mind after the fire, "Hmmm. At this point I could use my modified design which might have fewer stability problems" (and therefore less chance of the embarrassment factor to which I referred in an earlier segment). But then I remembered that in that segment I had also said, "But then she would not be the original *Dancing Chicken*."

One idea that occurred to me was that since the original section was only 2 1/2' long, I might build one of each (i.e., one as originally drawn and one based on the modification I'd drawn more recently) and just see what happens with each one. In that case I would probably build just one 4' stern section. That way I could test it either way and build more sections later if I want more length (like, for example, if later I figured that maybe *Dancing Chicken* might, so to speak, still want to become a wa-apa).

Meanwhile, I will have time to twiggle with the plans while I get situated in the camper in which I plan to be living, an Airstream about 100' or so down the trail from the one in which I was living before (the Airstream belongs to my niece's mother, but she's given me permission to use it). It's smaller, but then one of the advantages of building a sectional is that they can be built in smaller spaces.

So my next plan is to get myself and my plans and photos tucked snugly into the Airstream. Then I will plan to begin implementing those ideas I mentioned in the last installment involving the methodologies Phil Bolger used when he designed my little *Talitha Cumi* which might help *Dancing Chicken* get into the water sooner. In the Airstream there's a bunk which may turn out to be the work area. I've never actually measured it, but it probably isn't that much shorter than the width of the work area in the other camper and, with a few adjustments, it may be where *Dancing Chicken* will re-hatch. We shall see.



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In early February of 2014, I cut up and burned my 26' Mackenzie Cuttyhunk, *Carole Anne*. It was not an easy decision and I am still downhearted about it. One of my favorite blues songs is entitled *How Blue Can You Get* and it has a response line, "the answer's right here in my heart." Telling the story to you may help me with the answer.

"Call your broker" was the message with a phone number written on a scrap of paper by my son. The problem was that I could not even remember that I had a broker. I called back determined to hang up if it was a solicitation. The broker said, "The State of Maryland has called in your bonds. What do you want to do with the interest?" Although I had no immediate recollection of Maryland bonds, I did not want to appear too out of it.

"How much money are we talking about here?" I asked as casually as possible.

"The interest is \$25,000 free of all federal, state and local taxes," he replied.

I was stunned into silence. After a period of hesitation I said, "Send me a check for the interest income. We will reinvest the principal." I called my wife and said "\$25,000 free of taxes! We will never have another opportunity like this. We are going to spend it all." By now I realized that this windfall came from the investment of some money left after my father's death. I had purchased zero coupon bonds in a Maryland development project that were not destined to mature until 2025 and had forgotten all about them.

So it came to pass that my wife finally got her mink coat, we put a deck on the back of the house and I bought my long dreamed of boat, a 26' Mackenzie Cuttyhunk. It is the boat purchase and related adventures that constitute the heart of this tale, but it is worth mentioning that the success of this investment was not representative of my financial management ability. I overshot the allocated \$25,000 by a couple of thousand.

There were seven Mackenzies for sale in the March 1990 *WoodenBoat* magazine and I was determined to see them all. In early March I set out for an 800 mile weekend drive from Maryland to Massachusetts and Rhode Island with the zeal of a man finally realizing a lifetime dream. The boats ranged widely in price and condition and were distributed over about a 200 mile area. After crawling around in light snow and slithering under tarps, I selected a 26' 1963 Mackenzie Cuttyhunk and made arrangements with a commercial boat hauler to bring it along as he headed empty to Florida to transport a boat back to Cape Cod.

So here I was in late April, sitting beside my car along a stretch a southern Maryland highway, squinting into the late afternoon sun on the lookout for the arrival of my dream boat. When a truck appeared over the rise in the road with a dark blue Mackenzie in tow, I wondered, "Was it really the right one? Did I buy the dark blue or the light blue one? Did it really have those dark stains on the transom that are symptomatic of dry rot?" Somehow I had integrated all of the boats that I had seen during my inspection tour into one, non-existent model of perfection and clearly the boat on the hauler was imperfect. Thus began a saga that continued for 24 years, fueled by unrealistic expectations, clouded by memories and dreams and populated with stupidities and poor judgement.

Although the boat looked good and leaked very little when it was first launched, it soon became clear that my prized pur-

Downhearted A Cautionary Tale

By Ken Spring



chase had some serious problems. A substantial leak developed in the bow after the first trip in rough seas. I had the boat hauled and found that the forefoot was falling off. It had been held on with some rubber sealant and a couple of insignificant screws. I made temporary repairs and limped through the season always dependent on the automatic bilge pump for survival.

In the fall I made a careful inspection of the soundness of the planks and frames. I was in for a rude awakening. I discovered that the previous owners had done extensive repairs to correct the damage done in a fire. That was why my little beauty had a new engine and fuel tanks and a completely refurbished interior. They had decked over the burned parts and considered that problem solved. They addressed the leakage problem by filling the seams with caulk and refastening the bottom with stainless steel screws. Since Mackenzies are bronze fastened, the stainless screws resulted in electrolysis of the adjacent bronze ones. During the first season, trips in heavy weather resulted in what was left of the bronze screws falling out of the bottom. Little gushers appeared so regularly that I kept a piece of mahogany on board and whittled little plugs while I waited for the fish to bite.

Much of my spare time in the next few years was spent replacing frames, chine stringers, planks and other structural components. This, however, was only the early phase of my struggles with the boat. Eventually I rebuilt the windshield (on the washer and dryer because I had no workshop at the time), replaced the transom covering boards, put in a new cockpit sole, foredeck, gunwale caps and replaced the engine three times. In between repairs we used the boat regularly and enjoyed it immensely, but the burden of upkeep was substantial.

The big job was replacing the keel, keelson and stem. This took a substantial part of one winter and spring and was the subject of much local interest (they never thought that I could do it). I thought that things were under control until I decided to haul it at a friend's boatyard. He and his employees had no understanding of how to haul and block and wooden boat and did fatal damage to the hull.

When the boat was in the slings and being blocked, one of the boatyard morons (we call him the village idiot) decided to straighten the hull by raising a stand under the starboard transom. He racked the hull, tearing out plank fastenings and splitting several frames aft of the shaft log. I did some repairs but she was never right after that. She lived on her bilge pumps and trouble was always on the horizon. I always meant to do the repairs but was constantly busy working

on customers' boats in my shop. I just limped along, bilge pumps running and the captain constantly worrying about a plank seam opening when we were 20 miles out.

Finally, what did her in was a combination of neglect and carelessness. We had a very cold winter with substantial ice formation in our cove. The boat was, of course, in the water with an ice eater working constantly. There was also a battery charger connected because the batteries were getting old and needed replacement (next spring seemed like the time to take care of that). The ice eater and the battery charger were on the same electrical outlet connected to a ground fault breaker that also needed to be replaced because it tripped periodically. Every morning I would check the boat when I walked the dogs down to the water.

One morning the ice eater was off so I surmised that the breaker had tripped but I did not have time to fool with it. We had a good snow that night and the next morning when I went to the boat to check, the starboard side was down far enough that she was downflooding through the scuppers. The pumps were not running because the batteries were dead and the charger was off. The engine was full of water to the top of my new carburetor and oil was coming out of the dipstick because of all of the water in the crankcase. The fuel tanks (70 gallons) were now full of water and the boat was on the bottom. I got an A/C pump on board and refloated her. I replaced the bad breaker, got the ice eater working, reconnected the charger and began calling around to see who could haul it when ice out finally happened.

One of my friends ran a boat yard that had a hydraulic trailer. He suggested that we pull it a ramp not far from my house. He offered to tow it over with his Boston Whaler as soon as conditions allowed. I arranged with another friend who had a boat graveyard to drop it there so that it could be cut up and parted out. The thaw came in mid February and on a day with 20knot NW winds and a 35° temperature, we towed about a half mile to the boat ramp. The tide was dropping quickly and I was nervous. The plan was to back the trailer down the ramp, hook up the boat and float it on. However, there was not enough water.

My friend said, "We will just have to leave it tied up here until tomorrow and come back when the water is higher."

"Impossible" was my response as the batteries were dead, the boat was taking on water steadily and there was no electricity nearby. It was either haul it or it would be on the bottom in a few hours.

We got a big comealong and hooked her up. The NW wind kept blowing her off the trailer so I pushed as hard as I could on the port side with a boat hook until it slipped and I went into the water. I went under but managed to climb a ladder onto the pier. I immediately went up my car, stripped and wrapped myself in a white quilt that the dogs lie on when we travel. I went back to the boat dressed like a Bedouin and we got her on the trailer. We got her to the scrap yard and dropped her unceremoniously. I paid my friend with very wet bills and headed home with the heat on high.

When I got to the house I opened the garage door just as my wife was taking the dogs out for a potty break. They immediately ran into the street in front of one of my neighbors who was running an errand. He looked

over at me, dressed as a drowned Arab and asked, "How are you doing, Ken?"

My response was less solicitous, "How do you think, you stupid son of a bitch?" He avoids me now when our paths cross. While my wife rounded up the errant dogs, I put on some warm clothes and had a bowl of soup. I had to go to my boat shop to meet some customers (I was not in a good humor and they sensed it).

About a week later we cut her up, salvaging the water filled engine and transmission, the hydraulic steering and a lot of bronze hardware. The entire process took about a day and was akin to performing an autopsy on a close family member. I sold most of the hardware and running gear as well as my collection of spare parts and was determined that this would be my last boat. The pain was too great and I was truly down-

hearted. About six months later my wife convinced me to get a fiberglass runabout so that we could get out on the water. It is not the same as the *Carole Anne* and could never have the combination of style and substance that she exhibited. Although a year and half have passed, I still feel that the "answer's right here in my heart."



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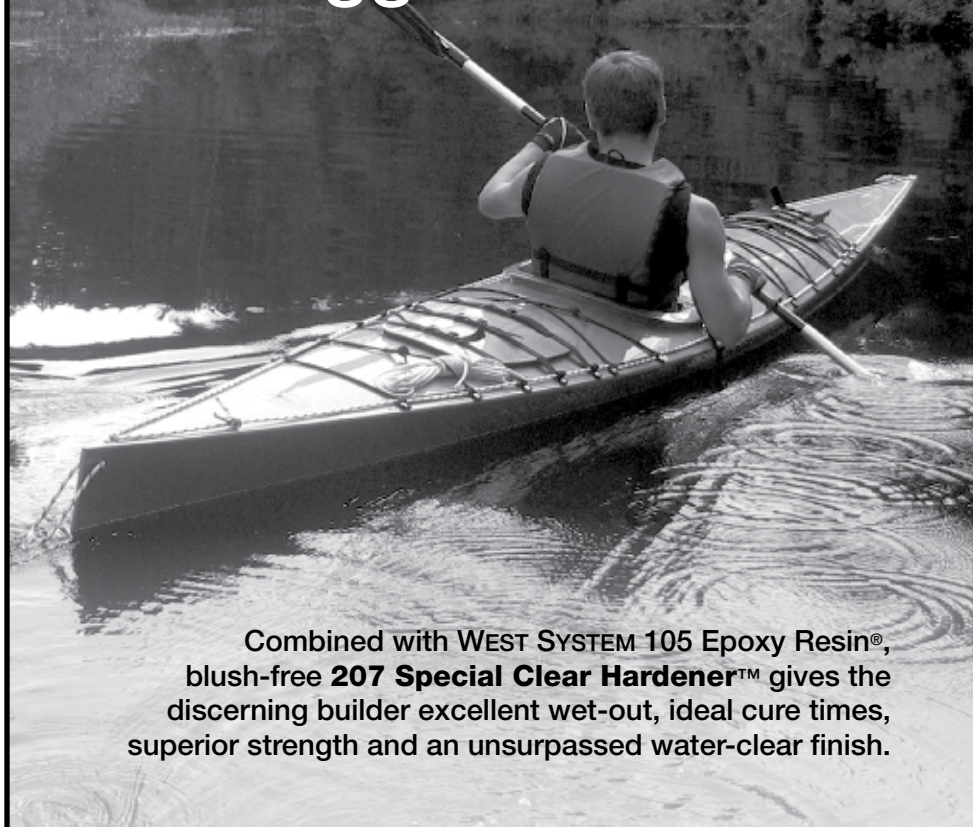
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A Modest Proposal

(continued)

By Dan Rogers

My grandparents had a little place on a little lake about halfway to the Canadian border from Seattle. I remember we started going there about the same year my high school and college car (a '53 Chevy Bel Air, four door, 235 straight six) was born. That's also the year I got my first at sea command (an 8' flat iron skiff rowboat.) The boat and the car are long gone but Lake McMurray still looks just about like it did back when Eisenhower got sworn in. And the four bedroom house that the original one room shack morphed into ain't changed a lick either. I know this because I was there about three years back.

The reason I mention this has to do with an unplanned experiment in wood deterioration rates that started back then and is still in progress. Or at least it was three summers back when *Lady Bug* and I stopped by on our way to launch, farther up the road on Lummi Island, and then transited out to Sucia Island for the summer rendezvous. I even parked in front of the little store and went in to see if I knew anybody. I was only about 15 years too late, not bad as these things tend to go. And, if you squint, you'll see that the original phone booth was still there.



Here's the deal. My Grandpa was a man of few words but some rather entrenched opinions. He was REALLY OLD, maybe 50 or so. I doubt I ever questioned a single thing Grandpa said, being so old and wise and all. People were a lot older back then than we are now. But what I'm leading up to is a story about a tree.

Whenever the topic might come up, Grandpa would point out that his waterfront lot was supposed to have water on two sides, not just the one side that I always knew about. Seems, according to Grandpa, the guy who sold everybody that string of waterfront lots decided that he could have at least one more to sell if he just pushed the dirt from the tops of the dozen or so "real" lots into the lake and made a "bonus" lot. That's how this long term experiment with wood deterioration began. It's also how Grandpa never really forgave the neighbors for being his neighbors. This is a really deep and really COLD little lake. Even before I knew better, that was a tough lake to swim in and I suppose the water temperature has something to do with this experiment. Maybe.

The nefarious lot seller guy apparently pushed an exceptionally large tree over and then proceeded to pile dirt on it to "make" that extra building lot. For as long as I can remember about 75' of that tree extended from the (modified) shoreline and across the front of this (unwelcome) neighbor's property. You could walk on it, tie boats up to it, dive in off of it, clamber back out of the water on it. At first the limbs were still on it. After a

while somebody came along with a chainsaw and trimmed the sticky up limbs away. Then the tree was sort of a dock. It just floated there decade after decade. If I had to guess it was probably an alder, or poplar, but maybe a cedar. After a while trees started growing in it, saplings at first, later a small seed log forest growing like a hydroponic garden.

That summer that I happened to visit the old homestead, I paddled my kayak across the lake from the launching ramp and happened to meet up with the current resident of my Grandpa's house. It's a really, really small world some times.

Grandpa's house is the second from the left. The interloper's cabin (now ten times larger) with the log floating across the front is on the left here. He was initially pretty suspicious about the stranger (me) drifting around in front of his house in a rotomolded kayak. As our discussion progressed I asked about The Log protruding from his front yard and off across the front of the neighbor's house.



I asked him if they had cut the floating forest down. "Nope. That tree just got so tall, that it capsized one day..."

Sort of, every three generations, this old tree rolls over and shows a new side. Still floating. Still sound enough to walk on. Still there. Grandpa's been dead for 50 years. His tree is still floating. Which brings me to the real topic of our tale.

I've already lamented, at considerable length, about rotted wood and entrapped moisture in *Gypsy Wagon's* innards and I probably already admitted to leaving a bunch of the detritus "for later." This has caused a pretty big problem this week. Much of the left behind stuff is the ex engine pan and the engine bearers and ancillary framing. This stuff is for the most part made up of layers of 2"x6" fir overlaid with a pastiche of chopper gun and mat and way too little polyester resin. It's a real mess. Just about all the lumber that might have helped stiffen the hull of the current project has long ago returned to

dust and random fibers, except for the part that I managed to drill a hole through the hull under, that is.

For some GOK reason, the transverse portion of the engine mount is made up of about 3/8" glass covering some quite sound lumber. Soaked to the point of squirting but not rotted. And, of course, that small portion of the pan was rather well secured to the hull. It's really no coincidence that, since Murphy joined the crew, stuff like this happens quite regularly. But if I didn't have to kneel in a lousy place and try not to cut any more holes in the bottom of the boat this would be real interesting. And here's what I think has (not) been happening.

This cross member is what should have been the "dam" between the bilge sump and the rest of the hull that was adorned in plywood floors and FOAM. Covered all over in moisture retaining vinyl. Tons and tons of very WET foam, as I discovered. I'm gonna have to bet here. But I'm gonna speculate that these particular pieces of doubledup 2"x6" fir never really dried out. Maybe hardly ever. Maybe not since it was beehive hair, mini-skirts, button down collars and wing tips.

Being moderately chastened about cutting more holes, and equally uncomfortable with extending the whole proposition any longer than absolutely necessary, I tried to remove it with my trusty angle grinder. No way, about all I did was polish the damn thing and that was with a new #30 grit disc. The Sawzall literally made the boards squirt. It was a mess. That chunk of fir tree and polyester fought back for about an hour. And it made quite the pile of splinters, granules and muck.

All because I drilled a hole in the bottom of the boat. I'm just wondering. What would Grandpa think?



Part 27

Sometimes when you stop and look around that's exactly where you are. It's, right now, only two more days until the end of the longest damn short month of the entire cotton pickin' year. Not to be whining but it's already been 85° in Tulsa, 80° in Denver. Dave and the Tikitroops are, no doubt, already dropping ice cubes in the river to keep their bottom paint from blistering. And here we sit with WINTER.



Lake's frozen, launch ramp still has two feet of snow on it. River's open, but the ramps are combo ice, snow and idiocy. March is soooooo close I should be able to smell it. The first planned mini cruise of the "season" is less than three weeks from now. I picked St Patrick's Day as the leadoff in a burst of "green thoughts" back last September. Back at the beginning of the fall to winter period when just about anything should be possible. When a modest proposal is still modest. If I just hadn't been so durn cocksure. Heck, for all I can tell, this year the kids may be out doing Easter egg hunts on snowshoes. Why the air of blue funk?

For starters, if I'm gonna keep my own schedule I need at least one boat ready to launch on or before March 17. There are three cruising boats on trailers within a 100' arc of this keyboard and, would you believe it, not one of 'em is ready for duty. Two are iced in so bad it's impossible to tell when either one will make the call and our current hero could use a patched bottom and the not so minor thing as a sea trial. Even if I rub noses with each and every one of those little 'poxpeople they aren't gonna be swimming around fast enough to jell a glass patch in 25° for weeks to come. So I've come up with an immodest proposal.

We've got a three horse race. Could be not any of 'em will win, so I'm taking steps to bet equally on each of 'em. Tomorrow morning, in the heat of the day (maybe up to 29°!?!) I'm gonna go out and patch that silly hole I drilled in the bottom. I'll put a heater on it from inside. And I'm gonna ask you to give it warm thoughts. Could work. That way, the minute the ramp turns to slush we're off to see if *Gypsy Wagon* is likely to remain upright and empty.

Miss Kathleen has been promised a new rudder and steering system. Tonight I was out doing just about the last of the fabrication on that sucker. A day up in the driveway and that should go together. OK, two days.

Just as soon as the snow berms that have her captured at the bottom of a tractor eating hill soften enough to at least get a shovel into them. Good of *MK* just could be our leader of the pack. Maybe.



And today, in a fit of total hubris, I found and ordered an almost new, used Hobie 14 main from Minnie's in Costa Mesa. I've been searching for such a thing for years. *Lady Bug* has worn a hand me down sail for the past 15 years now. She needs a major cleanup and spruce up.

Anybody seen a sailboat. I put one out here someplace. Ahhhhhhhh, she's mired in snow waaaaay above the trailer. Halfway up to the deck level, truth be told. So new ball gown or not. Well, it's a horse race.



I think there's a sailboat in here someplace. So if you'll think warm thoughts I'll practice yodeling and see if we can't get some sort of an avalanche going.



Ahhhhhhhh, there she is.

Part 28

Weather is not for wimps. Even if you've never actually seen a snow frog, certainly you're familiar with their mating calls. And I suppose I should take my share of the credit for such a successful snow frog mating season this year. You see, in January I made the fateful decision to move *Gypsy Wagon*, this year's Frankenbot, from the warm and dry shop out into the cold and wet driveway. There was more to it. I had this cockamamie notion that it would be real convenient to put that boat back on the trailer and be ready for sea trials. For the past three or maybe four Building Seasons I've pretty much done just that in late January. There was new snow on the hillsides from time to time. Sometimes melting berms around the launch ramp parking lots. But that was about that. Not this year.

Poor *Gypsy Wagon* has been stranded out in the elements for over a month now. There have been ice storms, rain, snow, more ice, more rain, more snow, maybe another couple of feet. The Spring Equinox is within a short hop of a snow frog away and it's still piling up. Desperate times call for desperate measures.



About the only thing for me to do is to put *GW* back on her building cart and haul her back into the shop. I'll no doubt have to pull something important off, drill holes into something that shouldn't have open holes in it or simply make it inconvenient to haul her off to a local launch ramp. Then, and only then, will the ratcheting cry of the snow frog be stilled for another year. OK, just in case you're not from snow frog country, I'll do a rendition of the mating call and answer. "...howwwdeeeppp...neeedeeppp...howww..." But you already knew that.

As soon as I totally give up and haul that boat back into the operating room, we'll

have serenades by crickets and the whine of mosquitoes. But apparently not until. So it's a sacrifice that I will have to make. Atonement.

I've also got a sort of new slant on this project that maybe should be explored. When asked about the basic notion behind Frankenbotery, I normally equivocate with something like, "Well, it's what results when a cluttered mind has access to sharp tools..." During that month or more that this poor girl has been shivering in the cold, I've been hatching yet more "improvements and modifications" that I could somehow get done before spring launch. Taking something that would probably work as is and messing with it to make it better is always a chancy thing. This would certainly be no exception. But the closer I get to actually utilizing this boat for the purpose originally stated, the more I think my "modest proposal" was a bit wide of the mark. Besides, why would anybody want to be modest when he could be IMMODEST?

Anyhow, this is the new revelation. I'm thinking that the actual number of times this boat is going to get to be used as a mini cruise "sag wagon" or "social center" is probably fewer than the number of fingers on the left hand of a careless millwright. I do still hope that will be a reasonable *raison d'être*. That's the concept that will require *Miss Kathleen* to be hauled to the cruise put in locations in a separate run from home. Two boats. Two (actually four) separate trips. And I'm still expecting to do that provided somebody will take advantage of that circumstance. But it has begun to dawn on me that this contraption has most of the virtues of a terrestrial travel trailer. If she was also self propelled and laid out as an on the water solo act as well, we just might have a whole lot more missions in which she could participate.

MK is way superior in the seakeeping and aesthetics departments, but this little ersatz gypsy wagon just might make a better candidate for some of those distant messabouts and river cruises that continue to be penciled in on my bucket list calendar. Soooooo.

First out of the gate is the not so simple matter of tearing out the forward bulkhead and putting in an enclosed steering station up where the ever shorter and ever shallower forward cockpit is now. This will require some quick work with the Sawzall to remove the former bow rider forward seating flats. The overhead will need to grow forward about 4'. And it'll need enclosing in a tasteful manner, of course. Maybe a concerted week's work. Maybe more.

There's more to this resurgent masochism tango. Probably I should simply try this first one first. And there's also the school of thought that says maybe I should just take a nap, watch a little TV and wait for the snow to melt. Only one surefire way to figure that one out. I'll let you know what happens.

Spring Break

Lady Bug. We ain't in Kansas, that's for sure! In fact, I think the calendar slipped a few cogs this year.



Our loyal yard moose is actually taller than I am. March 9, 2017???



Alice and I actually mounted out a rescue mission for *Lady Bug* only yesterday. We even got dug down to the level of the trailer tongue. But the whole trailer, wheels and all, are still buried in a new glacier. I did climb up on the snow bank and told her about the really cool new to us full battened mainsail that I bought her for Valentine's Day. Somehow *Lady Bug* appeared to be "unmoved" by my glowing account of voyages soon to come. And she's no doubt right. New suit of dress canvas or not, we'll be stuck to the spot for some time to come.

I'm pretty sure I heard her giggle when I slid down the snow bank and landed in a heap "at her feet." Girls can get a bit contentious that way. At least I was reminded that *Miss 'Bug* is on the shop docket for way more than a simple "hair and nails" visit. Real soon, girl, real soon I promise...

But Alice and I weren't quite through making fools of ourselves. Seems that *Miss Kathleen* has patiently waited out the winter at the bottom of an icy hill. We worked for a couple of hours, pushing, shoving, sliding, spinning, lurching to a jarring stop, again and again. We got *Miss Kathleen's* escape route pretty well cleared. Sort of. This girl has a brand new rudder and new steering system been waiting for her to get closer to the operating table for months now.

We huffed and puffed and spun great holes into snow and ice. There we were, just like Steve McQueen in *The Great Escape*. Almost. Just about. And other than the minor irritation of getting one trailer wheel suspended on a snow bridge to nowhere, we were just about "over the wall." But not quite. Gotta go to town and get a few more hundred pounds of tube sand. Just about. Almost...



Some of us just can't leave well enough alone. Maybe you know somebody like that.

Good ol' *Gypsy Wagon* could be saddled up and ready to ride with another week's work. Just gotta get her down off that trailer and back into the OR. As easy as falling off a piece of cake...

I'll let you know how that works out.



Part 29

The ancient Greeks had a myth for just about every imaginable circumstance. Take Ol' Sisyfus as a case in point. Apparently he was just too clever, a regular trickster. To even the score, the Greek pantheon put their heads together and condemned our boy to an eternity of rolling this really big rock up a hill, only to then have to watch it come tumbling back down once he finally got it to the top. Groan. Swear. Repeat. Yep. Sort of like the quote from Alan Greenspan, I was err to "irrational exuberance" today. Big time.



After a few days of creative snow plowing, the almost equinoctial sun had begun to melt out our driveway. And when a near tropical heat wave of 41 DEGREES hit the ol' mercury this afternoon, there was but one thing to do.



Of course, that was to head down to the launching ramp! Time for that long awaited float test. We were almost three months behind schedule. Time was awastin'. Time to begin the search for some liquid water. Gotta be some around here someplace.



Someplace, around here. Gotta be some liquid water!

And it does look like we have a chance of floating with the top pointed to the sky and the wet stuff staying a respectful distance from the bilge! Nothin' like a tropical heat wave and (barely) liquid water to get thoughts of spring and hopes for summer surging!



There was even this mad scientist who showed up and tried to demonstrate a sorta weird dance step. He called it, "Let's rock the boat...hey baby...let's rock the boat..."

He was just jumpin' and jivin' all over the place. Almost like he had good sense. Almost. Wonder who that guy was?



Sooooooo, once back to the ranch things were getting closer to dark and quite a bit less tropical. Time to see if we can get back into the shop for a few weeks' worth of finishing touches. Easy as falling off a piece of cake. Nothin' to it, just squeeze 'er back in under the garage door. Nothin' to it.

OK, make that "horse shoes and hand grenades." That damn trailer is too tall by an inch. Time for some more extreme measures. Some more creative solutions. Nothin' to it.



We have developed a wide array of lifting and pulling devices. Sisyfus was clever by half!



Bow in the slings, sorta.



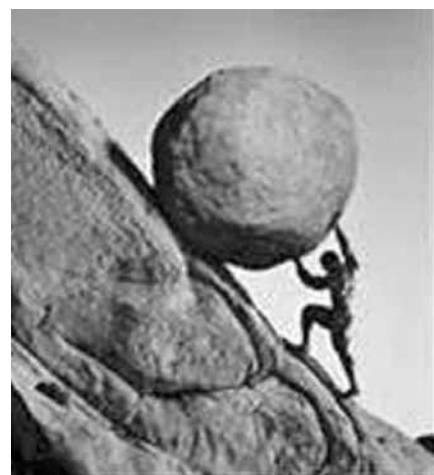
Stern in slings, sorta. Set 'er down onto the rolling stock. Time to just pull 'er into the shop and get ready for some carpentry. Here we gooooo. Here we gooooo... uh.



The only way we "went" was straight down. Stuck partway in, partway out. Stuck. That shop crane really isn't supposed to be rolled over like that. I guess you could say that Ol' Sisyfus just made it to the top. No further. And what makes it to the top, comes back down every time.



Just call me Sisyfus.



Part 30

So, now, what? It's a three horse race with NOBODY winning except maybe the calendar. And everybody knows that p-l-a-n is just another four letter word. At the beginning of the last football season I dreamed up this notion. I was gonna go up in front of God and Chuck and Bob and everybody and offer to host a series of mini cruises over here on the east coast of Washington State. In order to fit 'em all in, and not conflict with too many other events of a similar bent, I decided to spread six trips over seven months.

Granted, I went to public schools and I never really mastered arithmetic. But even a mathematical dolt such as I can count on his fingers. I had to get things rolling by March and continue to throw boat shaped darts at the calendar through September. And if you look at your COOT calendar, your TSCA calendar, your PTPY calendar and duly reported in the venerable pages of MAIB and digitally replicated in DW there you will find my grand and glorious p-l-a-n.

It's now the prime meridian of March as I write this. First trip is supposed to be this coming weekend. Still snowed in. Not quite what anybody had in mind, calendars or not. Boating is supposed to be fun and safe. Every cotton pickin' lake within a hundred miles of here still has deer walking across it and leaving tracks in the snow. The river even froze over for a while. It's back to a robust 32° and flowing, now. Not the best for skinny dipping.

So that horse race, *Gypsy Wagon* can actually perform the mission as assigned for those cruise as hospitality wagon. I did get stuck trying to get back into the shop yesterday. None of the easy fixes will work like lowering the trailer tires, even taking them off altogether. It has to do with things like a couple not good as new knees and stuff like that as well. Clambering under a trailer and pulling things like axles are for people who don't act their age like me, most of the time. We aren't trimmed out, wired and stuff like that. But we've still got the basics as advertised. So just as soon as those boys and girls down at the NOAA office get their Easter bonnets on, the show can go on. Meanwhile...



The Planning Department here at Frankenwerke has been busy. OK, that's two four letter words glued together. While God doesn't share too many secrets with me about the long range forecast, Chuck was good enough to offer the use of Texas as I simply can't get things organized up this way. Soooooo we're moving ahead with a different horse for the meantime anyway.

Good ol' *Miss Kathleen* was rode real hard and sorta put away wet at the end of last season. Here's what she looked like on one of our last outings.



There's the normal stuff to attend to that any Frankenbot will have after a winter in an unheated shelter. And I didn't mention the Planning Department guys but we should be able to "answer all bells" in a couple of weeks. I just hope I don't have to take Chuck up on his offer to borrow Texas.

In my spare time, I put together a stern-hung rudder for *Miss K*. I hope it's as robust as it looks. The idea is to be able take some hard knocks in some out of the way places. The inboard rudder will go the way of the passenger pigeon, probably. The motor will climb up an additional 6" with the cavitation plate snugged up against the hull. And presto! Our effective draft should be less than 18" just in case, you know, Texas, and all. (Oops, I better watch what I mumble about. Stuff happens when I do that).



Also, if there was such a thing as an actual drawing board here at the Frankenwerke, I would say that a somewhat novel stern platform has sprung from it. But just like most everything else, it just sort of popped up on its own. No drawings.



Well, of course, this is only the starboard side. I'm kinda hoping that the port side will be out there when I go check on things in the morning. And wait'll you see how this thing is gonna get steered. And where the boarding ladder is gonna go. And where the anchor chock will go and a whole raft of stuff.

Just ignore that white stuff that filtered in under the shed side. And while you're at it, "...pay no attention to that man behind the curtain..."

And speaking of... our New Boss is a bit of an expert on snow. He's from Minnesota, Jamieson Patrick Rogers. But you can call him Jamey. We do.



Spring is in the air!

Part 31

The lesson of humility presents the gift of time and the mandate of patience.



"There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune. Omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in shallows and in miseries. On such a full sea are we now afloat. And we must take the current when it serves, or lose our ventures."

Or, as the Literary Department here at Frankenwerke would put it, "There comes a time when the ice begins to melt and the mud is yet to be born." Today was that day. The likes of Napoleon, Patton and certainly those poor sods of the BEF, circa 1915, knew all about this. General Winter stopped his retreat and counter attacked. General Mud stopped them. He stopped us.



We made it this far.



We came this close to disaster (it drops 3' off the edge of this homemade bridge of ours. The tire tracks are off the edge into that melting snow bank.)



We spun and shoveled and traded ends and spun some more and dug some more and tried again and again.

But when all is said and done there just ain't a thing worth saying and not a thing worth doing that got done other than that we all lived to fight another day. A day when General Winter has left the field, a day when General Mud has marched away.

The gift of time.



Part 32

Nursery rhymes, aphorisms and banalities aside, I conclude that "wealthy" is out of reach, "wise," a thing of the rapidly receding past. Soooooo, the mission is to feel as

good as possible, even if actually "healthy" is overly questionable. At least "early to bed, and early to rise" has been in the standing orders here at Frankenwerke for years. This is all to say that THE SUN IS SHINING!!! Snow is melting. And, wonder of wonders, Miss Kathleen FINALLY managed to follow Alice to the top of the hill, wallowing through the mud and the blood and the gore to freedom. Well, if not freedom, perzactly, I think we can see it from here.

I'm pretty certain that this is the last snow frog of the season. The road in is almost as unfrozen as the road out.



Last year's water shoes are drying in the sun. Last year's last baloney sandwich has been tracked down and taken to the HAZMAT disposal site.



Miss Kathleen has even shucked her secondary tarp from the past several days' rainstorms. And lockers, bilges and dirty socks are all airing out.



And while the New Boss is taking a bit of a well earned break right now, he was, apparently, pretty busy earlier today, I'm guessing he got that ne'er do well morning crew together. Those guys got my rudder mock up all bolted up and hung out in the sun for me to admire.



His notes on the white board were pretty specific, "...get the backing plates and through bolts in place before the weather turns... figure out how to get that steering cable out through the transom so it doesn't interfere with the stern platform..." There was more. But like I was saying, freedom just around the corner, over the hill and down a launching ramp. Somewhere out there.



Maybe you can see the same thing from your own shop window?



We do have weather problems here in Florida sometimes. The tides in the winter can go out and not come back in. It's hard to take the boat out when it's up on dry land. This doesn't happen very often.



Richard's Scamp is still coming along, he's the only one of us who still has a job, what a bummer. He cut and preglassed all of the pieces before he assembled them. It'll make the final finish a lot easier. I still find myself looking at both of the boats (Jim is making one also) and don't know how they put them together. I don't think they know either.



Sausage Jim has finished planking his melonseed and is now sanding and filling it in preparation for glass. He's another one who's amazed that he could do this and is having a ball doing it.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



Howard finished his 19' Big Ben Garvey. When we launched it, it exceeded our expectations by a ton. Of course, it was pulled back out to "finish" all the little things it still needs but the performance and ride were great. It has a self draining floor that I sort of guessed at its height, also the waterline and since I'm either a genius or blind lucky they're right on. It's not broken in but the initial verdict is that this Merc 60 is going to push it faster than he'll want to go. We're guessing about 35mph, I'll let you know when it time to open it up.



Wally's Garvey will have a cabin like my *Lurlyne*. He still has a way to go but it's coming along.



This is the front 30' of *Queen Anne*, our new cruising fan tail launch. A 5' addition goes on the back that will house the twin 20 hp outboards, fuel tanks and generators. It's not a small boat, it's sitting on the ground and at the front it's over my 6' head.



Our little marina gets a lot of itinerant boat traffic from passing drunks looking for the main river channel, we try to flag them over to share what they're drinking and needed to expand the docking facilities. After much debate and figuring and high level planning the smart one in the bunch, that would be me, decided that a pontoon boat would be perfect. Our craigslist looker upper Steve got on it and found some cheap ones that failed for one reason or another. I stumbled across this one for \$500 and it's perfect, all the frilly stuff had already been removed, it was a floating Tiki Hut in its other life. And I even have its title.

Richard wants to anchor it over the deep spring off the dock, add a big water slide and see if he can hold a drink while sliding down, I wonder if Cessna would try it. Either that or use it for a dance floor, kind of like a game of see who can stay dry the longest. We would invite our foxy neighbor and her girlfriends to be the first to try.



This catboat is the Fenwick Williams 18 that Howard and I built and sold to Judy Blue Eyes. Its proportions in this picture look good but the plans show a cabin height 6" lower than this one which makes it totally unusable, not even sitting headroom. Howard did a good job of scaling it up. Judy did this fantastic paint job and some other modifications like changing the wheel steering for a tiller.



This other boat is the one we're all pushing Howard to do next. He needs a real challenge for a change.



Helen Marie is still alive and well and getting used a lot. Joe and Mandy put more miles on her in a weekend than I put on her in the years I owned her. It seems that most of the hundreds of lakes in central Florida are connected with small canals that she can navigate. It's good to see my creation being used and loved. I need to hurry up and finish my new larger version to see if Helen and I will use this one.



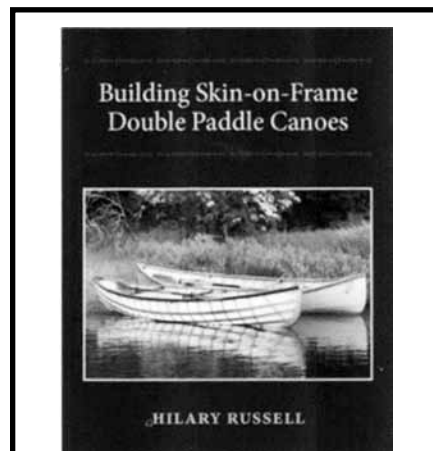
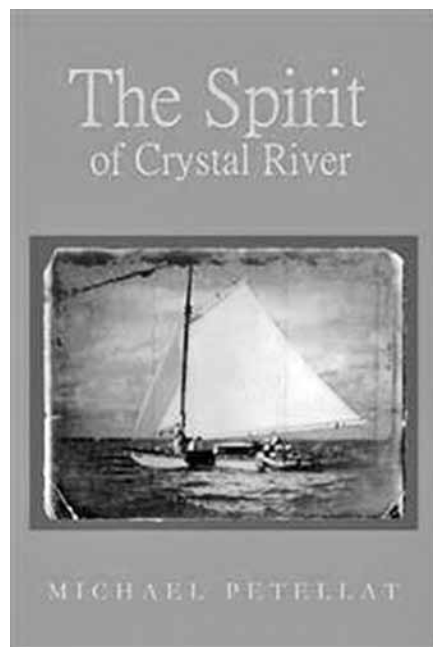
Lenna got these great pictures last week when we were out in the boats on a bird watching trip to the local rookery. She's turned into a great picture taker, good thing 'cause that's where I get most of the ones I send out to you.



Sausage Jim finished planking his mel-onseed and can't believe that I wanted to help sand the initial rough part. I love seeing the smooth curved shape comes out. This is Jim's first boat and it's pretty complicated. I keep telling him, "don't worry, it's easy," and he does it and it was easy. The real problem being a new builder is knowing what the next step is. That's why the little 12' Scamp is so complicated. It has so many interlocking pieces that we have to stand there trying to figure out what to do next. Wally and I helped him glass it. Wally has turned out to be a genius at glassing.



The guys up at Crystal River built a big old scow like they used back in the day and named it *Spirit*. This book is a fictional story about a boat like they used during the 1800s and during the Civil War. It's an easy read and does a good job of painting a picture of life along this coast back then. The water in this part of Florida is extremely flat and shallow, 2' to 6' shallow so it takes a big flat bottom boat to move goods in and out. We were involved in several jobs along this area of the coast and at low tide it was a challenge getting our flat bottom work boat in and out, a 19' Polar only needs a foot to float and sometimes we didn't even have that. I found this book on Amazon for my Kindle.



A valuable book for building any skin-on-frame canoe, kayak, or rowboat. Plus the chapter on using willow for ribs connects ancient techniques with modern materials and design.

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The 1960s were a time of dynamic social change, political upheaval, technological triumph and human courage. As Soviet and American adventurers hurled themselves into the abyss of space, a Northeast Ohioan embarked on a personal adventure that captured the imagination of two continents. In 1965 Robert Manry sailed the icy North Atlantic alone for 78 days in a boat which he named *Tinkerbelle*. The boat, a mere 13½' long, was the smallest sailboat ever to make the transatlantic voyage up to that time.

In 1958 Manry, his wife and two children purchased a tiny 30-year-old-boat in need of major repair, it was the best they could afford. In the process of rebuilding Manry added every possible bit of gear to make the boat as self reliant and comfortable as he could.

Manry described *Tinkerbelle* as a "poor man's yacht," it was originally built for day sailing in sheltered waters. Her planking is clench nailed ½" white pine bolted to steamed oak ribs. The boat is 13½' long with a maximum width of 5'4", rather wide for her length, adding greater stability in rough water. The centerboard is lever operated and the mast extends below deck and is stepped into the keel. The relatively small sail area of 90sf makes the *Tinkerbelle* slow but steady.

Manry bought new ribs for *Tinkerbelle* to replace the rotten ones and soaked them in the family bathtub for five days to make them pliable. He made a new mast step, repaired the boat's split planking, replaced the tiller and the warped rudder, recanvassed the deck, fiberglassed the bottom, repainted the entire boat and bought new sails. He converted her midsection into a small cabin, separated from the cockpit by a watertight bulkhead and covered with a roof.

To prepare for the ocean voyage Manry crammed polyethylene flotation material into every available space on the boat. He installed an emergency signaling device with a range of 1,500 miles and a transistorized radio receiver to help him navigate. He also added a specially prepared medical kit and a 90 day supply of high concentrate foods.

The Manry family then took several trial voyages, first on Lake Pymatuning, then on the Great Lakes. In 1964 Manry and his 10-year-old son crossed Lake Erie in the *Tinkerbelle*, a five day trip which encountered violent thunderstorms and high waves. The boat was deemed seaworthy and Manry was ready for the big adventure he had dreamed of for so long.

On June 1, 1965, Robert Manry sailed from Falmouth, Massachusetts, in the *Tinkerbelle*, bound for Falmouth, England. For two years he had planned for this trip, studying navigation, reading weather manuals and fortifying his boat. He told only his family about the voyage, he didn't want others to dissuade him from what would have seemed a dangerous and reckless journey.

"Although I'm convinced the riskiness of the voyage was far less than many people believe, I still must confess it was this riskiness that made the voyage seem adventurous, exciting, a wonderfully far cry from the immobility, tedium and sometimes harrowing predictability of copy desk existence," said Robert Manry in his account of the preparations and events of the trip.

Tinkerbelle's voyage was more stop and go than smooth sailing. There were frightening periods of high winds and dangerous seas when Manry would drop his "sea

Tinkerbelle in Cleveland



anchor" and seek assistance of "stay awake pills." These long, stressful hours sometimes resulted in hallucinations of bizarre passengers.

Manry states, "Aside from my love of sailing, I looked forward to a small boat voyage because of an inexplicable notion I had that a voyage was a kind of microcosm of life, a life within a life if you will, with a birth (beginning), youth, maturity, old age and death (end) and that it was possible for a sailor to express himself in this miniature life with his technique, responses to changing conditions and endurance somewhat as an artist expresses himself with paint and canvas."

There were other times when calm winds and flat seas effectively anchored the boat in mid ocean. Occasionally enormous freighters crossed paths with the tiny *Tinkerbelle* and offered assistance and several trawlers from the Soviet Union passed, one with classical music blaring and sailors snapping pictures.

In further explanation, Manry says, "I find immense pleasure in the gurgle and splash of a boat propelled by a direct force of nature, the snapping of canvas and the humming of rigging in a fresh breeze, the rattle of ropes running through blocks, the crying of gulls, the lift and heave of a buoyant hull, the pressure of wind against my body, the sting of flying spray, the sight of billowing sails and the swirling foam of the wake. To me, nothing made by man is more beautiful than a sailboat underway in fine weather, and to be



on that sailboat is to be as close to heaven as I expect to get."

Manry navigated using a combination of dead reckoning (estimates based on approximate speed and compass direction), sextant readings (using the altitude of celestial bodies and time of day to determine latitude and longitude) and charts. Several times his location was verified and corrected by a passing freighter.

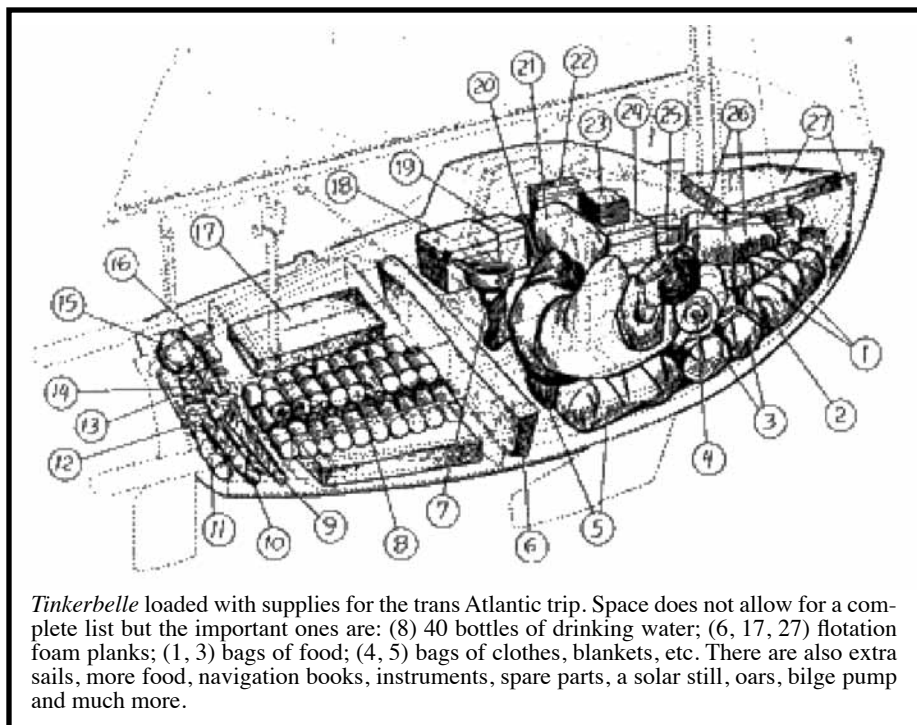
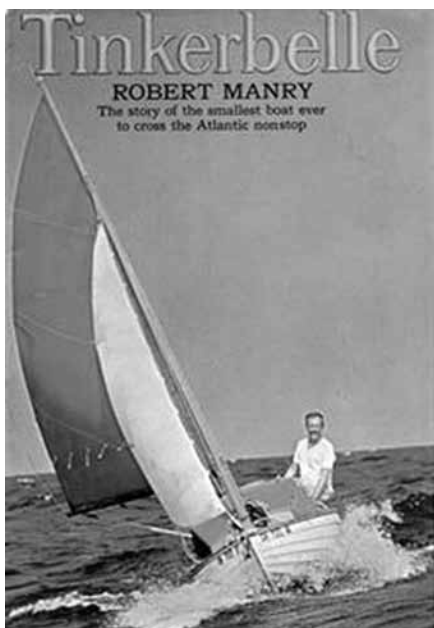
"Then came July 15, a wonderful, sunny day, and my sextant sights revealed we had passed 37°W, the halfway mark. That evening I celebrated, but there was a tinge of sadness in this fact, too. I didn't think I'd want it to go on forever, yet, whether I did or not, its end, no matter how happy or how longed for, would be accompanied by sharp twinges of pain, and undercurrent of profound regret. For then the voyage and all it meant to me in happiness would have moved from anticipation through realization into the past, where events, once lodged, existed only in the limbo of memory and could not (no matter how hard we tried) be relived."

On August 17, 1965, Manry sailed into Falmouth, England's harbor surrounded by a huge flotilla of boats and news media, 78 days and 3,200 miles from his point of departure. A boat that was never meant for open seas had set a record and a newspaper copy editor had tested his skill and endurance in the adventure of a lifetime.

"What had the voyage achieved besides making dreams a reality?" asks Manry. "I think probably the most important thing it had done for me was to enable me to stand back away from human society ashore and look at life for a little while from a new perspective. In a sense, the Atlantic Ocean had been a personal Walden Pond on which I had lived simply, in close communion with nature, confronted by elemental dangers and necessities. It certainly had not been a place for trivialities and, I think, perhaps, that fact may have done something to make me a better person inside than I had been before."

The full story of his adventure is recorded in Manry's book titled *Tinkerbelle*, a fascinating account still in library circulation. That volume and the original *Tinkerbelle* are now part of the extensive collections of the Western Reserve Historical Society, a not for profit organization headquartered in Cleveland, Ohio. *Tinkerbelle* and a reproduction "climb on" version are found along with a display of other small objects from the trans Atlantic voyage on exhibit in the Crawford Auto-Aviation Museum, part of the WRHS Cleveland History Center in University Circle.

For the past 150 years, WRHS has served the community by collecting, preserving and making accessible all manner of material that relate to the history of Cleveland. Today WRHS uses these stories and collections to provide social and economic value to Northeast Ohio through the Library Archives Program, the 150th Anniversary Loan Program, Speaking of Cleveland speaker series, exhibitions, public engagements and private events. These efforts provide access to not only the great leaders and events in society but also the stories that capture the human spirit, stories that inspire excellence in school children, scholars and future leaders.



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Resurrecting Old Wooden Boats

When Allan Vaitses adds his fiberglass hull, he fastens it on to stay.

By Bob Hicks

This article is reprinted from an original 1978 *Small Boat Journal*.

Don Gifford paid only \$800 for his boat, a 26' Dutch Treat, No wonder. The plywood hard chine hull was sad indeed with the exterior laminations "wrinkling off" in many places, as Allan Vaitses puts it. Vaitses is the man to whom Gifford took his bargain for resurrection. He is the man who adds a fiberglass hide to save an old wooden boat.

Maybe you've seen his ad, "DON'T GIVE UP YOUR SHIP," it exhorts the reader, "Don't abandon your good old wooden boat for a new boat that's no better. Have her covered with my proven, fastened on FIBERGLASS HIDE for watertight integrity and low maintenance."

So Vaitses is simply covering the old wood with a layer of fiberglass, that's pretty commonplace. It's not always very successful either. Still, Vaitses has been doing this since 1965 so he must have something going.

Gifford's Dutch Treat was just finished when we stopped by Vaitses' shop in Mattapoisett, Massachusetts. The local boat hauler was on his way to pull her out into the yard. Don hadn't quite got the bottom paint on over the new fiberglass hull. That's what he had now, a fiberglass hull, \$2,000 worth.

"Two thousand dollars to cover a boat with fiberglass?" Yes indeed, for this job isn't just a layer of cloth laid on with polyester resin.

"Hell, he sure couldn't have bought himself a 26' bare hull to finish off for \$2,000," comments Vaitses. "This one's already got a complete inside ready to use."

Gifford was pleased. "The interior of this boat is so nice," he said, "lots of nicely varnished wood, all the gear and good rigging, sails, spars. It was the awful condition of the hull that turned people off."

Vaitses had done the hull in his fiberglass hide right up over the edge of the deck where Gifford would, in warmer weather, reglass the deck to complete the exterior job. For about \$3,000 he would go into the water

with a watertight hull and deck. He could then lavish whatever attention he wished on the interior and rigging without feeling he was pouring money into a hole in the water.

We've all heard that fiberglassing over an old wooden boat doesn't work too well, that the resin and glass just won't stick reliably. Vaitses has spent his adult life in boats, working for years building custom wooden craft. In the mid '60s he got involved with the matter of sheathing wooden hulls with resin and glass. An early experience involved a 50 footer that had a layer of glass cloth over the bottom. After about six months in the water, one whole side of the bottom opened up. The wood had gradually taken up water getting to it from seams that ran above the waterline but leaked in a seaway and finally expansion just popped the glass apart. Vaitses won't use woven cloth, just matt and roving.

"Sure, the stuff doesn't stick to the wood. We fasten it on mechanically." Mechanically? Yes, thousands of staples, galvanized steel. The old hull is going to be, in effect, a plug over which a fiberglass hull will be laid up. The staples are to hold the original wood to the new glass. They'll be buried in resin when Vaitses gets done so no corrosion problem is raised by the use of steel.

The Vaitses glass job consists of a minimum of four layers of glass, two of matt and two of roving, with polyester resin bonding it all together into a hull of about 1/4" thick at the sheer, running as heavy as 1/2" thick where the garboards are faired into the keel. Depending on the hull condition, he'll put on more layers of glass but four is the minimum. Early experiments with "sheathing" the hull with one or two layers proved not reliable enough.

How much work is involved in preparing the old hull for its new coat? "We clean off any loose paint, replace any really rotten planking, clear out any rotten or loose caulking, get the hull to basically solid shape," Vait-

ses explains. "No, it doesn't have to be dried out. We've started putting on glass right over a hull as soon as the surface water has dried off. Paint doesn't matter either as long as it's tight." Vaitses isn't planning on his fiberglass work forming a lasting bond with the wood, the glass is going to stand on its own.

Gifford's boat was finished to the extent that he was prepared to pay for. The four layer glass hull had a rough surface, lack of a gel coat gave it a sort of matted hair finish. "We can carry it as far as you want," Vaitses explained. "We'll do a complete gel coat, fairing, sanding and painting if you're willing to pay the cost." In this instance, Gifford planned to finish off the hull cosmetically himself. It was his first boat bigger than a small daysailer and he was getting into a bigger boat on a budget.

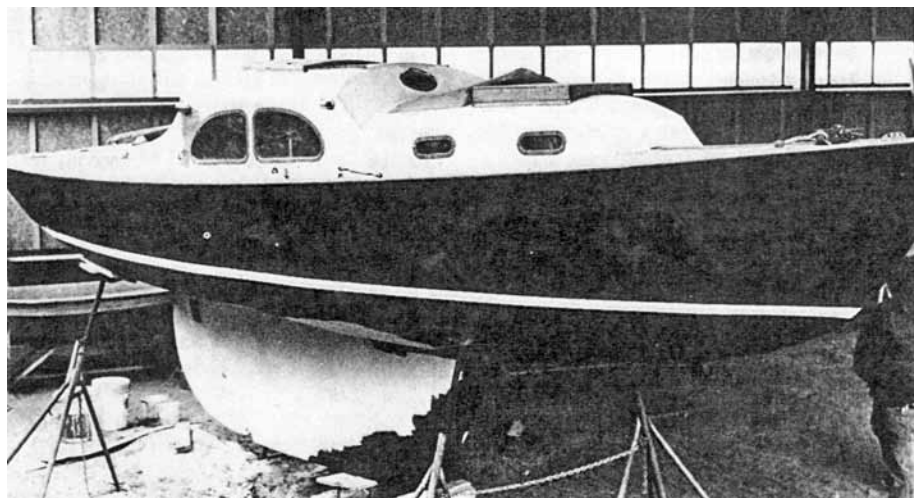
How about just doing the bottom to the waterline? That's what many people do on smaller boats. "If you've got a carvel planked hull, you have to put stopwaters in every seam that runs across the waterline, otherwise water can work down under the glass along these seams," Vaitses explained. He much prefers to do the whole outside of the hull, right to the sheer, in effect, build a complete glass hull. When someone insists on just doing the underwater part, Vaitses runs the top edge of the glass up to the nearest seam just above the waterline, routs out the under edge of the plank above that seam and fairs the glass into the undercut to make a smooth joining of glass and wood.

What about smaller boats, skiffs, daysailers, etc? "This job is pretty labor intensive. Maybe 75-80% of the price is our labor," Vaitses comments. "Probably the smallest job we ever did was on a Beetle Cat, 13' or so by 6' beam. That ran about \$600." So you'd better not think about a Vaitses fiberglass hide for that \$300 skiff. On the other hand, big boats do not faze him. As we visited a 50' powerboat was on her way over for a new glass hull. That'll run a lot more than \$2,000 but it'll cost a lot less than trying to replank the hull in wood.

"I've had people tell me when they get my price for a fiberglass hide that they can get the boat refastened and replanked where needed for that or less," Vaitses says. "But when they get into it they find more rot than they expected, cracked or broken frames, and the costs just start going up and up. I've had some come back to me after a start on refastening turned up all kinds of problems and accept my price."

Not too far from Vaitses' shop in a Mattapoisett boatyard is a big 30' Crosby catboat that he covered with a fiberglass hide a dozen years ago. He urged me to go have a look. I did, and the boat looked like a ten year old fiberglass catboat that had been well maintained. From underneath you'd never have known that inside that fiberglass hide a wooden boat was hidden.

Dan Gifford's Dutch Treat sloop now sports a complete fiberglass hull, four layers of glass matt and roving set in polyester resin.



AREY'S POND BOAT YARD



Boatbuilding: The new 14' Club Model

We introduced a new APBY 14' Catboat at the 2016 Newport Boat Show, the Club Model. She is an entry-level boat with the same hull as our popular Racing and Traditional 14 models, but with minimal wood. As of the recent Boat Builders' Show of Cape Cod, we are building hull numbers three and four of the Club Model. Our hope is that we will get an order to build a fleet for a sailing program.



Finish Department:

Ben and Julian have their hands full at the Rayber Road shop with several major finish jobs underway, including *Caroline*, a 2009 22' AP Cruising Cat, in for topsides and deck refinishing.

As of early February, Jon and Chad are finally underway in their newly re-done Cygnet Road shop. With the building construction having gone on through the fall and early winter, this shop will have a few challenging months ahead to catch up with finish work and prepping boats for the upcoming season. However, work is steadily progressing.



All the bays are full at the Rayber facility with Leslie and her crew very busy with new boat and spar construction, as well as restoration projects. Progress on the custom 24' AP Cat continues at a good pace. The deck is on and we are currently

working on the interior. Hull number two of our 19' Caracal design is rolled over and we are starting on the deck. A new Open 16' Lynx with an electric Oceanvolt inboard is well underway, and a 16' Cabin Lynx with many beautiful options will be launched in Harwich Port this summer. We have also been contracted to design the rig for a custom 24' Cat being built in Mattapoisett.



Arey's Pond NEW Sail and Canvas Shop

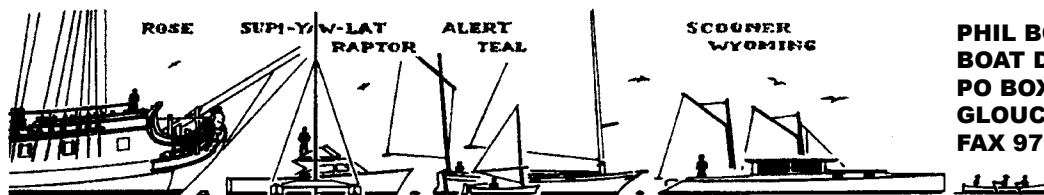
will be run by Geoff Cabral, who has been head rigger at the yard since 2004. Geoff began learning the craft of sail and canvas design starting at the age of 13 at Ocean Sails in Bermuda. His new shop will serve the needs of the local boating community in providing everything from new cushions to T-top enclosures, and can also accommodate awnings and upholstery for home furnishings. Our new winter office, adjacent to the loft, will allow us to offer more show room space and parts inventory for retail sales at our waterfront building.



About Arey's Pond Boat Yard

Arey's Pond Boat Yard was established in 1954 and has been owned by Robin and Tony Davis for 26 years. Arey's Pond Boat Yard specializes in new boat construction and is a full service marine center. In addition to the new canvas shop and sail loft, Arey's Pond Boat Yard offers summer and winter boat storage, a paint and varnish shop, marine carpentry, sailboat rigging, gas and electric outboard service and sales and a small retail store. Seasonally, Arey's Pond Boat Yard offers a sailing school, providing private and weekly group lessons, as well as sailboat, kayak and paddleboard rentals.

Arey's Pond Boat Yard (508) 255-0994 <http://areyspondboatyard.com>



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Chapter 3: Subchaser #77 New York – New London

Late in December 1917 I received a message telling me to phone the personnel officer. Commander Tainter said that orders were being processed detaching me from *USS Tamarack* to command a new 110' subchaser scheduled for duty overseas. I was aghast. "But sir, I don't know how to navigate. Every request I have made through channels to be sent to a navigation school has been denied on the grounds that I could not be spared from present duty. On any deep water assignment I'd have to know how to navigate."

"Don't worry. Every one of the chasers will be fitted out and trained at New London, Connecticut, before going overseas. That training includes a comprehensive course in celestial navigation." A ton of worry was lifted off my soul.

A week later a division of six subchasers, fresh from the yard of a builder up the Hudson River, arrived at Marine Basin. The local tug had to break ice to work them into their berths. The thermometer stood at zero.

On January 4, orders arrived assigning me to command SC#77, one of the newly arrived group. I went over with my orders to inform the ensign commanding that I was there to relieve him.

The 110' subchasers were developed by the Navy Department to cope with the growing menace of enemy submarines as well as to replace smaller craft worn out in the service of the French navy. Designed by Commander A. Loring Swasey, USNR, in civilian life a talented naval architect, before war's end 450 of them were produced by 50 building yards in the eastern United States. It speaks well for the basic design that although many were lost by fire, collision or enemy action, not one was lost through stress of weather.

Then orders came for the six subchasers to fill up with gasoline. This involved breaking out of the ice to run to a fuel pier half a mile from the basin. The other officers reported that ice conditions were too bad for them to move. I had come to regard orders as orders, and besides I was most anxious to get the feel of my new command underway. I decided to go independently.

I managed to maneuver #77 out of the crowded basin without putting out a fender. We were taking on gas when the squadron commander arrived, very excited. He wanted to know how I got out when none of the other chasers could move. I told him that any of the ships could be moved if handled right, whereupon I was ordered to take each one in turn to be fueled. My experience in ship maneuvering, learned in months of handling *USS Tamarack*, appeared to impress my crew and did no little to increase morale.

That night at 2100 hours a sudden conference of skippers aboard #81 was convened by squadron Commander Ayers. He informed us that our division would sail at 2400 hours for New London, there to be fitted out for foreign

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Design Column #510 in *MAIB*

Messing About in Subchasers

Part 2 of Chapter 19

From the Journal of

Capt Alex Moffat USN Retired

service. At 2400 hours we followed a tug out of the basin. I was directed to take last place in column and to take in tow any chaser forced by engine trouble to stop. Ambrose Channel was a vast floe of broken ice moving out to sea. Here the tug left us. Six hours later we had reached Ambrose lightship and open water.

Off Montauk Point a northwest breeze lifted the fog. Here we met floe ice setting out from Long Island Sound. Progress became increasingly slow. All boats were ordered to keep within a length of the next ahead. The night was dark and bitterly cold. Solid pans of ice setting out of Gardiners Bay and The Race forced the column to find devious channels where the ice was broken.

An ebbing tide carries all the water in Long Island Sound through The Race at 4 knots. Against this current we were making slow progress. Cross bearings on several lights indicated that we had only a mile or so to go to be out of the strength of the current. At this point Ayers stopped the column and passed the word for all chasers to anchor for the night. This decision was the more stupid because The Race is the deepest area in the sound. No anchors could hold us against the combination of current and countless tons of ice it discharged into Block Island Sound.

I ordered both anchors unshackled and a few fathoms of the empty chains hung over the bow. The guess was a good one for Ayers turned his searchlight on each chaser to see that they had complied with his orders. From the rapidity with which bearings on the lights changed, it was obvious that #77 was being carried out into Block Island Sound at the same speed as the chasers with their anchors down. We found out later that the other chasers lost their anchors and most of their chains.

As we were being set clear of any hazards to navigation, there was nothing further to do. I set a watch and spent the remainder of the night with as many of the crew as could jam into the quarters aft trying to get warm from the galley stove. By keeping the hatches shut we managed to raise the temperature in this part of the ship to 18°F.

Morning dawned clear with a brisk northwest wind and a further drop in temperature to -10°. We were almost in the middle of Block Island Sound, frozen in solid. Fisher's Island was a lavender streak on the horizon to the north, Block Island barely discernible to the east. While some of the crew amused

themselves by building a fire on the ice a hundred feet from the ship for their camera records, I walked half a mile to Ayers' chaser to report all well with #77.

By 1200 hours a patch of open water in the northwest gradually enlarged toward us until three hours later we were free. Ayers seemed to have lost his bearings entirely for he headed for Point Judith instead of New London. Fifteen minutes later he dropped back to hail me by megaphone. "Is this the course to our destination?" I replied, "Yes, if our destination has been changed to Newport. Do you wish #77 to pilot you to New London?"

Receiving an affirmative, we led off at a brisk pace with the tide in our favor. We ignored semaphore signals to stop, that we were headed in the wrong direction. At dark we entered the Thames River at New London. A channel through the ice to the State Pier had been opened by tugs. #77 dropped back to let Ayers lead his column. A veritable city of subchasers, 50 or 60 in all, tied up three abreast on both sides of the pier, left a small berth for us at the end. I saw Ayers leave for the railroad station. It seemed that for reasons best known to himself he was not reporting our arrival. This looked like trouble ahead for somebody but as that was none of my business I decided to cover my own ship by reporting it personally.

Chapter 4: Subchaser #143, New York – Overseas

The second morning after our arrival I was summoned to the office. Commander Spafford waved a dispatch at me. "Close the door, Moffat, and sit down." Although sensing something important I was not prepared for his next words. "You have been accorded an unusual opportunity. You are hereby detached from command of #77 and will at once assume command of SC #143, sailing on foreign service at 0600 hours tomorrow. The commanding officer of #143 unfortunately lost his leg in an accident yesterday. He will therefore not be present for you to relieve him. Muster the crew yourself and read your orders to them."

My stunned reaction was mixed, disappointment at being detached from a half finished job just when #77 was beginning to shape up, and alarm that I would now not be able to attend the navigation course. "Aye, aye, sir," I said stiffly, "I must tell you that I have not yet had the opportunity to learn navigation and therefore I am not qualified." He answered drily, "You'll know how by the time you reach the other side. Dismissed."

Snow was falling when I boarded #143. As nobody was on deck I dropped down the hatch to the officers' quarters beneath the pilothouse. A blond youth in a heavy weather jacket lay in a messy bunk eating chocolates. He identified himself as Mr Carney, the executive officer, but did not leave the bunk. I introduced myself as the new commanding officer and directed

him to muster the crew on deck aft. Carney pushed an electric bell button he had had installed in his bunk. He passed my order to a man he called Chadwick who answered. I told Carney bluntly to snap out of it and stand by to take orders, that we had 15 hours to make the ship in all respects ready for sea.

Facing the crew at muster there was no way of identifying men by their uniforms because all hands were shrouded in winter heavy weather clothing, hooded felt parka, heavy woolen pants tucked into high arctics. One man appeared to be trying to see how far he could go in laxity in standing in line. I interrupted reading my orders to direct at him a few savage words that had an effect on the whole line. I then spoke much as I had done to the crew of #77. The men were dismissed and the leading petty officers assembled in the engineers' quarters next to the galley where we were out of the swirling snow and it was comparatively warm.

It transpired that no move had been made to obtain fuel, lubricating oil, provisions, fresh water or ammunition. A few spare engine parts had been put aboard. The Supply Department from which most of the items could be obtained had closed at 1700 hours. It was manifestly impossible to prepare requisitions in time to draw the necessary stores. Therefore, I organized the crew into larceny parties, given brief lists and told to come back with the material called for and no questions would be asked.

They were specifically instructed not to scrounge anything from any of the 11 other boats due to sail, but for the rest they had a free hand. While this was going on I wrote formal requisitions in triplicate for everything on the larceny lists, destroyed the originals and filed the copies as proof that the stores had been requisitioned in regulation manner. An extra carbon I kept in my private file in some sort of dim apprehension of the reckoning that must eventually catch up.

By 0400 hours the majority of the stores were aboard. I found at once that I had a jewel of a man in the chief machinist's mate, Dancy. He was a strong right arm, alert, intelligent and helpful. Carney was so much in the way and so utterly useless that I dispatched him to the office to collect the service and pay records of the crew. By superhuman efforts I persuaded the personnel officer to transfer to #143 my quartermaster, Todd, from #77.

The crew of #143 fell with gusto into the spirit of robbing the fleet. They appropriated all kind of equipment that was neither necessary nor called for, but I was too short

on time to bother with details. Todd brought with him the mahogany steering wheel from #77, exchanging it for the brass one on #143, I daresay because he didn't want to polish the brass. He was a lazy dog.

My greatest concern now was to get some spare condensers for the magnetos of the main engines, in Dancy's opinion the most vulnerable part of our mechanical equipment. At the base engineer's office the lieutenant on watch said that there were only three spare condensers available for the fleet and as three would probably go bad before the boats got away, it was impossible to let any boat have so much as a single spare. The top drawer of his desk was a few inches open and I saw the three precious little condensers lying there.

Therefore I asked him if he would, as a favor to me, ask Commander Spafford if I could have one of these three. He shrugged his shoulders and said it was no use but he would ask. While his back was turned all three condensers found their way into my trousers pocket. This may have been the reason that #143 was one of only two chasers that reached Bermuda under its own power.

By 2000 hours we had everything aboard, Dancy was put in charge of the stowing. Carney requested permission to spend the evening ashore. I caught a barely perceptible nod from Dancy and acquiesced. As a matter of curiosity I asked him why he wanted to go ashore when there was so much to be done. He said he had arranged to be married at eight o'clock. In private life he ran a merry go round at Coney Island. How he had succeeded in getting a commission in the Naval Reserve is beyond me, and in the crowded hours that we had together I never found time to ask him.

At the first crack of daylight the departing chasers took positions off the end of the pier to follow a tug that was to break ice for us out of the harbor. All the ranking officers in the district were on the pier head to see the departure for the war zone of the first detachment of this new arm of the service. There was not much time to feel any inspiration in the moment. I was grateful for the distracting activity of last minute details.

The tug pulled out, followed one by one by the chasers soon swallowed up in the swirling snow. #143 was last in column. A second tug along the side of the dock thrust a cake of ice at our stern just as our rudder was put hard over to swing clear. A sharp crack and the quartermaster spun the wheel without avail. The steering gear had carried away.

We backed up to the dock and put out our lines. In an instant the base engineer officer was aboard to ascertain the trouble, while the senior officers fired useless questions from the dock.

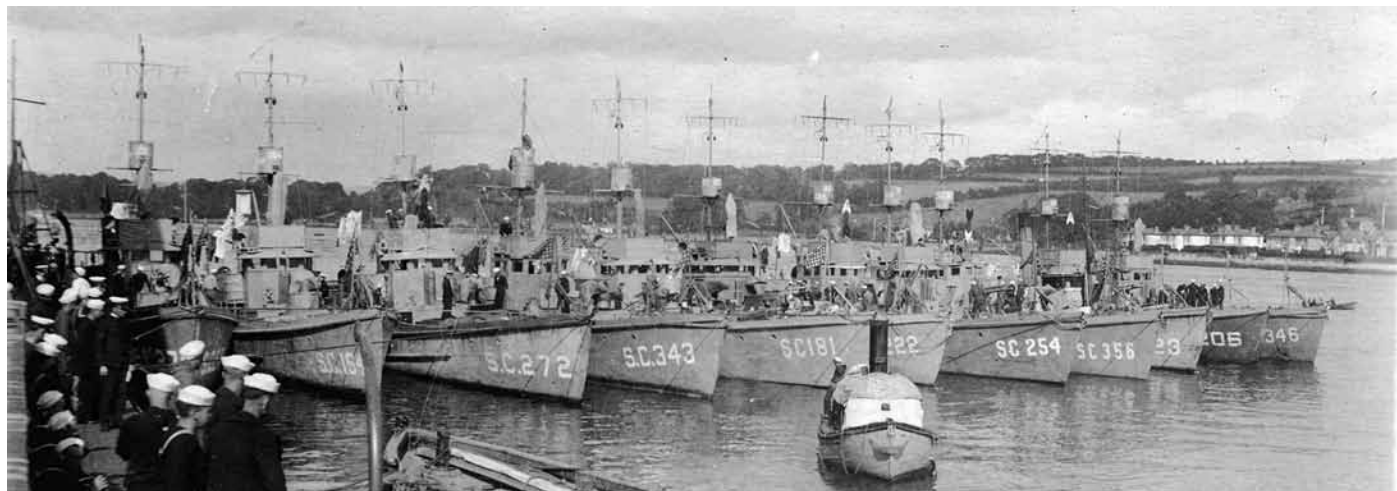
We found that the teeth in the rack and pinion of the steering gear had sheered off clean, necessitating a new rack. Although the boats were supposed to be of standard construction, with all parts interchangeable, it so happened that #143 was equipped with an odd type of gear that could not be replaced with the stock gear without considerable alteration. My invaluable Dancy at this juncture said that #142, which had been sold to the French government, was built by the same yard and that undoubtedly had the same make of gear.

#142 was lying on the other side of the State Pier with a skeleton French crew aboard. The engineer officer, Dancy and I dashed aboard and found an identical apparatus installed. The French crew, who didn't understand a word of English, were mystified at our excitement, but when they saw us start to demolish the officers' quarters with a hammer and crowbar to tear out the part we needed, they fell to with a will, bringing up all sorts of tools and attacking all parts of the officers' quarters, regardless. We certainly left the officers' quarters of #142 a wreck and I have no idea of the extent of international complications that devolved on the officers at State Pier. It took us two hours to install the new gear. Everybody fumed.

At last we set off alone. Outside the harbor and clear of the ice the weather was rugged, short, steep sea, limited visibility and the vessel icing badly. My orders carried me to Bermuda with 11 other chasers and two tugs. Where they were or how we could possibly find them, or even how we could find Bermuda was, at the moment, beyond me. We were at least on our own and clear of the fretting and fuming of senior officers.

Laying a course down Block Island Sound I settled down to some hard thinking. The more I thought the more I came to the conclusion that the chasers would seek shelter rather than put to sea in the existing conditions. There was only one nearby place that would furnish a logical shelter for 11 chasers, Harbor of Refuge at Point Judith. I decided not to set out alone in present weather conditions but make for Harbor of Refuge for the night and get organized.

In mid afternoon the breakwater was located close aboard and we gratefully found ourselves in smooth water. On stopping the



engines we heard the welcome sound of exhausts from the auxiliaries of several chasers popping away ahead of us in the snow. All hands cheered, we had found our flotilla.

Much of the night was spent in organizing routine. Three times in the blackness our anchors dragged and we had to get underway to take fresh hold. Once a chaser that drifted down on us was sheered off with difficulty. Daylight revealed one chaser carried up on the breakwater, definitely out of the expedition, she had lost her rudder.

Chapter 5: Bermuda Passage

Day broke sullen and gray with clear visibility and a long ground swell. The wind had dropped. Several miles offshore the two tugs that were to escort us to Bermuda in case of breakdown were waiting. On signal from the senior chaser we set out in column. I made a secret vow then and there to stick to one of the tugs whatever happened, figuring that he would probably be able to find Bermuda. I had no more idea how to use a sextant than a saxophone. In fact, only on one occasion before had I ever laid eyes on one. The Bowditch tables were so much Greek.

The chasers followed the tugs in two columns and at once I began to see that the only morale aboard #143 was in the engine-room crew under Dancy. All hands were seasick, desperately seasick, including myself, and only by direct orders could I persuade the crew to eat. The second day the weather became warmer but the barometer fell. A heavy ground swell gave further evidence of bad weather in the offing.

Sunset of the second day was an evil yellow. I felt that we were in for something unusual in the way of weather and did my best to fortify the crew against it with hard-tack and canned fruit. Cooking was out of the question. Lifelines were rigged and all movable equipment lashed. Boxes of coal and a side of beef were lashed to fixtures on the deck. The depth charges in the racks were moved below to the magazine.

At dark the wind piped up, presently blowing half a gale with a merciless rising note in the rigging. By daylight #143 was making heavy weather. Dancy reported that we were leaking from the pounding but that the pumps were keeping ahead of it. At dawn of the third day out, at last in the warmth of the Gulf Stream, the eastern horizon, banked with dark clouds above a low lying streak of red, indicated a sunrise stillborn. Flying scud overhead and rain and spray driving horizontally bore evidence of a new gale that whistled out of the northeast.

Just before dark a vicious sea struck the pilothouse so solidly that it groaned, smashing windows on the port side and forward. The two men on duty were saved from injury from flying glass by their thick heavy weather gear and hoods. The man at the wheel yelled, "Steering gear is stuck. Can't move it!" For the past two hours the wheel had been held hard over in an endeavor to bring the ship's bow more nearly into the sea.

Now it appeared that the vertical shaft between the steering gear and the rack and pinion below had bent enough to lock the gear in its hard over position, caused by the whole structure of the house having acquired a cant to starboard. Fortunately the hatch in the deck that gave access to the officers' quarters below had a high coaming which prevented the inches of water and broken

glass sloshing over the floor from getting below. The hatch was closed.

Due to foresight of the designer, the rudder stock on which the steering quadrant was mounted was above the deck, as were the steering cables leading forward on each side to the pilot house. The rudder stock above the quadrant was fitted to take an emergency tiller. This 6', hundred pound iron contraption we managed to mount while the deck was swept knee deep by seas. The boat boom tackles were taken from the mast and lashed to the tiller on one end and to a rail stanchion on the other. The hauling part of each was led forward to the lee of the bridge for swinging the tiller by hand. Then, with difficulty, the cable to the locked steering gear was cut with a hack saw. We still could not head up but at least we had control of the rudder.

By dark we had cut away the weather cloths on the bridge and nailed the heavy canvas over the broken pilothouse windows. During the night, intercepted radio messages had brought dismaying information of nine subchasers disabled and drifting and of the tug *Cherokee* 50 miles astern, which sent an SOS saying that she would be unable to stay afloat until morning. Then a sea that smashed the hatch of our radio room put our set out of commission. Our own #143 and the tug *Mariner* were the only two surviving ships underway half a mile apart on a wild and lonesome ocean striving desperately to hold their bows to the straits.

Fear for my ship and for my own life lay like a quivering lump in my belly. Never had I seen anything like these racing seas, backs streaked with foam, rumbling crests that folded like breakers on a beach. From time to time a fiercer squall transplanted a whole crest bodily to the back of the sea to leeward. #143 staggered up the face of each wave to be cuffed viciously and buried in a smother of white water that cast the hull broadside into the trough, there to fetch it up with a shattering jolt. I did not see how any structure built of wood could survive the wrenching onslaught of these great marching seas that lifted, battered and dropped their victim in an endless succession of dizzying falls while the decks shouldered off tons of churning water. Half blinded by driven spray, I could hear even above the storm the creaking and groaning of the tortured hull.

#143 had suffered considerable damage. A manhole cover aft had been carried away, flooding the lazarette to the deck. This meant that all food stores but canned stuff and hams were ruined. Decks were swept clean of ventilators. The openings had been stuffed with signal flags. The only collision mat had been nailed over the forward end of the radio room. The wherry, or 12' lifeboat, still in its chocks amidships, was split from end to end, disintegrating piecemeal. Lifelines were rigged from the wheelhouse all the way aft. The crew, except for helmsman and engineers, were lashed along the lee side of the house, most of them in a torpor of misery, drenched and weary, too seasick to feel hunger or thirst, too numbed to know fear.

I saw that the *Mariner* was down by the bow taking terrific punishment. Her radio shack on the boat deck was crumpled like an old cardboard box, her lifeboat was gone and her funnel swayed crazily. As the seas broke against her, I could see under her stern, lifted high before each plunge, the big propeller still slowly turning. All at once I realized with horror that the *Mariner* was found

dering and that we were unable to change course to help. #143, filled to the deck in the aft compartment, was no longer maneuverable. Indeed, for hours the rudder had been hard over, yet the distance between the two vessels had not diminished.

Now, after three days at sea I had another problem in Mr Carney who was stretched on the bridge at my feet in a comatose condition covered with his own vomit. The hope that my executive officer could navigate was doomed. At navigation school he had been dropped from the class after the first week for lack of basic mathematics. Thus there was not a man aboard who could use a sextant or work a sight.

Dancy hauled himself along the lifeline from the engine room hatch to the bridge. I thanked God I had at least two men as able as Chadwick and Chief Dancy. At 26, Dancy was the oldest enlisted man aboard, a spare, sandy haired southerner, a technical school graduate and a wizard with machinery. He ran a strict engine room and was liked and respected by all hands. The mere presence of Dancy clinging to the bridge rail heartened me. I had to put my ear to his face to hear him. His drawl was as laconic and imperturbable as though he were making a routine report.

"Every seam in the hull is spewing water when she falls off these here cliffs, sir. Lazarette is flooded to the deck and I can't clear it because the limbers are clogged, beans adrift probably. Water in the galley is up to the stove and up to the lower bunks in the quarters aft. Good thing in a way, it keeps the midship wheel buried. Machinery is still OK but the water is gaining on me in spite of the pumps. How long will this weather last, do you figure?"

"Who knows? The glass has come up a hair but I guess we're in for a long night. I had to secure the hand pump on top of the deck-house for fear of losing a man overboard."

"The auxiliary is holding up all right on the big fire pump but now I need more capacity. The water will be up to the floor plates in an hour. Any suggestions, Cap'n?" This was the first time that Dancy had called me captain. It not only startled me but it quickened my awareness of my responsibilities.

"Tell you what you do," I yelled in his ear. "Shut the seacock on the suction of the circulating pump on the midship engine and pull the lower end of the hose off the fitting to suck the bilge water. That will give you another 3" pump." Dancy grinned, "Can do, Cap'n. Good idea, and we have two more of those pumps on the wing engines if needed!"

One of the crew pointed astern, his shouted words blown away. All eyes stared. From whence she came nobody noticed, but a big single funneled steel steam yacht painted Navy gray, rolling her bulwarks down, approached the *Mariner*. Chadwick passed me the binoculars. "Must have answered an SOS after our radio quit," he said. "I remember her before the Navy took her over. Name's *Wadena*." Three seas to leeward of the tug she stopped. The *Mariner's* propeller no longer turned, men were seen huddled on the stern.

From our wild platform we watched spellbound a piece of seamanship superb in planning and in execution carried out as if rehearsed. We saw a life ring carrying a light line put over on the weather side of the *Wadena* travel to the *Mariner* against the wind as though driven by a propeller. I could not believe my eyes. That gives some idea,

I thought, how much leeway the ships are making, including us. The life ring offers no windage so it stays still relative to the wind while the two vessels are blown downwind, the yacht away from it and the tug down to it.

The *Mariner* picked up the line on the first try. Men hauled over a block in the bight of a heavier line. When the block was made fast a life raft was sent across. Three trips it made, each dragging back men who were scooped over the rail of the *Wadena*. Five minutes later the *Mariner* wearily lay down. Four seas passed over her, then she was no more. I saw with consternation that the *Wadena* was underway, soon gaining speed that #143 could not hope to equal. She seemed to be heading in the direction of Bermuda. I roared to Chadwick, "Get his position before he leaves!"

Chadwick grabbed his semaphore flags but got no reply, I ducked into the wheelhouse to write down the yacht's compass heading. Bitterly I wished I had means to send a signal, "Wait for baby!" The *Wadena* disappeared as rapidly as she arrived. With a feeling akin to panic I took stock of the situation. Darkness was two hours away, our radio was out, our present position was unknown and we had no ship to follow. Too, I began to doubt whether structurally we could survive another night. Appalled by the loneliness of this wild welter of water, I felt suddenly lethargic with fear and fatigue.

Mr Carney chose this moment to go completely to pieces. He clasped me around the legs weeping, screaming, begging to be saved from drowning. The men within earshot watched wide eyed and uneasy. I was shocked to the core. The psychological reaction to fear is anger. I found myself abruptly overwhelmed by a consuming rage that instantly purged me of my own fears. That anger filled me with a sudden resurgence of strength and determination, aware that Carney's panic called for instant action. I beckoned to Chadwick and a flat faced, husky Polish youth. Then in a ringing voice of authority I hardly recognized, I gave the necessary order. It was in language unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

"This bastard is detached from duty, under arrest. Get him below. If he won't go down the hatch, pitch him down head first!" Chadwick grinned. "Aye, aye, sir!" he said heartily, "Come on, Ski, you heard the man!"

As the long night wore through its weary hours the wind perceptibly diminished and the seas, no longer breaking, gradually lengthened. I was bone tired, I couldn't remember when I had last slept. I tried to focus my mind on how to reach Bermuda. By the lengthening seas I assumed that #143 had now left the Gulf Stream, again on the compass course steered before the storm. This was close to the course on which the *Wadena* had disappeared.

At last one encouraging idea occurred to me. I recalled the spectacular leeway of the ships during the rescue as evidenced by the illusion of the life ring moving against the wind, therefore, I concluded, the strength of the stream setting directly against the northeaster had quite possibly offset the subchaser's leeway. Keeping the bow headed into the seas had, in fact, caused her to move crabwise across the stream, thus remaining approximately on the original line. At 0200 hours I tried to plot our assumed position on the chart. I measured off the distance to Bermuda and calculated that if I was destined to

find the island at all, by running two engines I could make a landfall before dark, steering the present course.

Engine room bells clanged, the tired mid ship engine was given a rest and the two wing engines, to the sound of thundering exhausts, imparted new life to the ship as #143 picked up speed. Morale rose with the sun. I ordered all hands to shave and change. Dancy brought word that, except for the lazarette which was being bailed by bucket brigade, all bilges would be clear within the hour. Hatches were opened to balmy sunshine, wet gear was spread to dry and the ship trailed her white wake across an undulating ocean of peaceful blue. The crew's conversation again reverted to women.

By 1200 hours canned goods dredged from the lazarette enabled the cook to produce a hot meal of corned beef, spaghetti Italian style and coffee sweetened with condensed milk. To me, canned peaches were the finest dessert that had ever passed my lips, Sparks reported the likelihood that the radio could be restored to operation.

Time passed in normal shipboard duties. A magnificent sunset colored the western horizon while dusk crept up the eastern sky. Dancy appeared on the bridge to inquire casually what time I expected to make a landfall. He reported that at present speed fuel remained for four hours steaming.

I replied as casually, hoping that my voice implied a confidence I didn't feel, "Anytime now, Dancy. Lookout, let me know the minute you sight Gibb's Hill Light." It sounded better to be specific. Nothing was visible on the vast and lonely seascape. Twenty minutes later a cheerful voice from the crow's nest hailed the deck, "Gibb's Hill Light two points on the starboard bow!" The crew let out a shout. I grasped the rail to prevent my knees from collapsing. My reaction was first incredulous, then exultant, then humble. A new me breathed an unspoken prayer of gratitude. Pulling myself together, I met Chadwick's discerning eye. He gave me a solemn wink.

Chapter 6: Bermuda to Brest via the Azores

The Master Attendant at His Majesty's Dockyard was most cooperative. He arranged for the prompt repairs to our pilot-house and steering gear. The chasers took turns running liberty parties every day after work hours to Hamilton, picking the men up at 2300 hours for return to the dockyard. A bit of shore liberty in a balmy climate worked wonders for morale.

Only one other chaser in our New London contingent made Bermuda under her own power. Of the 11 chasers that departed Harbor of Refuge, nine were variously disabled but eventually located and towed to Bermuda. There were some harrowing tales told about the big blow. We learned that the battleship *Michigan*, caught in the same storm, lost a basket mast. The official wind velocity was recorded at 90 miles an hour.

Twelve more chasers arrived from Charleston, South Carolina, escorted by the *USS Leonidas*, which was to be our mother ship for the trans Atlantic passage from Bermuda to Gibraltar via Ponta Delgada in the Azores. The commanding officer, also in command of all chasers attached, was Captain Nelson, USN, known throughout the Navy as "Juggy" Nelson, a hell for leather

destroyer skipper with a well deserved record as a leader. *Leonidas* flew the flag of SOPA, meaning "senior officer present afloat." She lay at anchor off the dockyard, an old Navy gunboat of about six thousand tons, of Spanish War vintage.

We were ushered into Captain Nelson's presence without delay. His desk was in "the great cabin" with stern windows. He came forward to meet us with a broad smile and outstretched hand. I have seldom met a man so able instantly to impart confidence. After introductions he told us to pull up chairs and have a smoke. "You've had a rough trip, boys. I want to know what I can do for your ships." We did not tell any tales out of school, but his skillful questioning gave him a pretty good idea of how much the group needed leadership. He interrupted when I told him about Carney, still restricted to the ship under technical arrest.

"When you go back, pack him up and have him escorted aboard here to report to the master at arms. I shall send him home by first available transportation to be released from the service as emotionally unfit. No charges, no fuss. My medical officer will attend to the necessary forms." It was as easy as that. "And by the way," he added, "I have just the replacement for him, a warrant boatswain USNR who was executive officer aboard the *Mariner*."

The dockyard straightened the pilot-house and secured it with steel cables and turnbuckles against a similar accident. The 12' lifeboat was beyond repair. It was replaced by a used one British built of about the same dimensions but more sturdy construction. Glass was replaced in the pilot-house windows. On the recommendation of a British officer who had served in small craft, we installed in front of each window a wooden frame covered with copper mosquito netting, the screening a full inch in front of the glass. The theory was that when solid water hit the window the wire mesh broke it into small particles, thus breaking the force of the sea enough to protect the glass. Although we encountered plenty of heavy weather, we never broke another window by impact.

The steering gear was repaired and new double block tackles were provided for use with the emergency tiller. Thanks to Dancy's preventive maintenance we were in good mechanical shape in the engine room.

As I had missed navigation school at New London I was still haunted by being called on to fix the ship's position by celestial observation, so I confided my apprehension to George Atwood. He was a very practical man. "Unless I miss my guess, we shall be required to report our position by radio to *Leonidas* three times a day, morning sight, noon sight and afternoon sight. You can overhear all the positions sent. If I were you, I'd forget about learning to navigate. All these skippers have been to school. Average a few positions that appear to be close to each other and send that in as #143's position or just use mine altered a few seconds. Nobody will know except your crew that you are not working sights. You'll just have to trust them." The rest of the war I never had the sextant out of its box. God bless George! That is what I call licking navigation!

At long last in all respects ready for sea, *Leonidas* departed Bermuda with her brood of 24 subchasers, making four squadrons. As we took off from St David's Head we passed the inbound steamer *Charibdis* from New

York and, with a pang, realized that it carried precious mail that might not reach us for weeks or even months.

George Atwood and I each now commanded a division of three chasers in the same squadron. We had a fuel radius of about one thousand miles in average weather. The distance to our next port, Ponta Delgada, was 1,600 nautical miles. Orders directed us to rendezvous with a tanker halfway to the Azores from which we would refuel and top off with water. We rolled monotonously over a windswept, summer sea, organized into watches of four hours on and four hours off. Two days of rough weather again produced seasickers, including myself. Bouillion cubes and crackers, usually on the third try, was all the nourishment I could keep down.

The next day the wind dropped and the sea smoothed out. It was the day we were scheduled to meet the tanker. There she was, a great sow waiting for the hungry piglets. Unbelievably the sea was like a lake while, three at a time on each side, the chasers took on 2,000 gallons of gasoline each and filled their water tanks. The tanker's cooks must have been up all night for each chaser was presented with a dozen loaves of fresh bread. They disappeared in one meal, delicious!

The sixteenth day out from Bermuda we sighted far to port the 10,000' peak of Pica, the northernmost island of the Azores. Our estimated distance to Ponta Delgada was 150 miles. The following morning as we approached land we ran into a wall of fog reminiscent of that along the coast of Maine. The cook served us a special breakfast to celebrate our landfall.

Ponta Delgada is the seaport of Sao Miguel, the largest island in the Azores group. The harbor is long and narrow, created by a wide breakwater parallel to the west shore from which lighters transfer cargo to or from ships moored fore and aft between great mooring buoys. There is room for a merchant ship to be turned by tugs to be headed toward the entrance before securing to the buoys. There are no offshore hazards in approaching the end of the breakwater, but entering requires an abrupt 90° left turn. Cargo is stacked the length of the breakwater along a trucking road that ends at a lighthouse. The town lies along the other side of the harbor on a gently sloping hillside extending to cultivated fields.

As we approached, our squadron was sent ahead in line abreast within visual distance of each other. Visibility in the fog was no more than 50 yards. We could smell the land, the fragrant odor of vegetation. The sea was flat calm. Presently on signal the six chasers stopped simultaneously to listen. Curiously enough there was no sound signal on the lighthouse.

Leonidas moored between two buoys. The chasers moored by divisions, each division swinging three abreast to a single buoy. As soon as we were moored a ship's lifeboat sculled by a single oar came alongside. One of the two Portuguese natives aboard spoke English. He explained that they would collect all our dirty clothes for the laundry ashore and return them washed the next morning.

The next morning is memorable because of two momentous events. The laundry burned down during the night and we received orders detaching #143 and five other chasers from *Leonidas* for a new assignment. This group under the command of Lieutenant Johnson included #177. It seemed George

Atwood and I were not to be separated for which, because of my navigational limitations, I gave fervent thanks.

When the skippers of six chasers were summoned to the *Leonidas* we suspected that there must be something afoot but the information that we were to be detached was a thunderbolt. Captain Nelson waved a dispatch at us when we reported to him in the great cabin. He came right to the point. "The Bureau of Navigation has designated you six to escort the merchant vessel *Julia Luckenbach* to France and to defend her against U-boats in the most dangerous waters of the war zone. She carries a cargo of aviation parts desperately needed by the Allies. She could not be sent with the last regular convoy from here because she lost her rudder. There are no docking facilities in the Azores to handle such a repair. She will steer by towing a tug. They are standing by awaiting escort protection. I hate like hell to lose you boys because I consider you among the most competent of this group. Johnson is the senior officer. He will command."

He read the dispatch that directed the *Luckenbach* to proceed with tug and escort to Belle Isle on the coast of France, there to rendezvous with a destroyer that would relieve the escort and deliver the ship and tug to Bordeaux. Outward bound we passed a new detachment of chasers approaching the harbor. I supposed they carried our mail from Bermuda, which we had no way of collecting.

Our steaming formation was three chasers on each side of the *Luckenbach*, two ahead, one on each beam and one on each flank. The forward positions were hazardous because the heavily laden merchant ship yawed all over the ocean. The tug, as expected, could not keep it on a straight course. At night we ran blacked out. All too often the leading chasers saw that great steel cliff of a bow bearing down on them and had to scuttle clear.

Johnson decided we no longer needed practice in manual signaling. Communications between the chasers would be by our hitherto little used radio telephones. These primitive sets were supplied primarily for tactical purposes in submarine hunting. Their useful range varied with atmospheric conditions from a maximum of 20 miles down to five. Radio operators in other ships who had never heard anything but dots and dashes were considerably startled the first time they heard voices in their headphones.

Eventually, on a black night, the sea flat calm, our armada stopped close to the shore of Belle Isle to await the arrival of the destroyer. The chasers drifted silent, their underwater listening devices manned, alert to the possibility of an enemy submarine finding a sitting target. Presently the voice of the hydrophone watch came up the voice tube, "Propeller sounds bearing zero six zero relative, getting louder. Sounds like a destroyer, sir."

"Roger." The other chasers, too, were reporting to Johnson in #226 by radio phone. Relative bearings were converted to magnetic. All estimates agreed that this was a destroyer approaching. The sounds ceased as she stopped engines to approach the *Luckenbach* within megaphone range, suddenly emerging out of the night, a long, slim shape completely blacked out.

A voice from a bullhorn came from the destroyer's bridge, "Commanding officer of escort please identify yourself."

Johnson's voice replied, "Lieutenant Johnson, United States Navy, in US Subchaser #226. Here, sir."

"You are relieved. Carry out your orders."

"We have no further orders, sir."

"Very well. I have received no orders for you. Suggest you return to the Azores."

"We have been fueling from the *Luckenbach* and her supply is exhausted. We shall have to proceed to the nearest port where we can get gasoline."

"Suggest you proceed to Brest which is under control of the United States Navy. They have a destroyer program there and some converted steam yachts but I doubt if you can get gasoline. It is all allocated to the fly fly boys. By the way, have you had any recent enemy contacts?"

"Negative, sir. Have had none between the Azores and here."

There was a long pause, "You will. Good luck and good night." Presently the destroyer, the *Luckenbach* and the tug disappeared silently into the night.

By telephone Johnson ordered the chasers to come close enough to #226 to converse over the rail. Our position was more alarming than just shortage of fuel. Enemy submarines prowled the French coast off ports where there was a concentration of valuable targets. In these high latitudes in May the hours of darkness were short from 2200 to 0400 hours. The distance from Belle Isle to Brest was approximately 115 nautical miles.

Cruising on one engine to conserve our remaining fuel we could make the run in 15 hours. #143 reported fuel for a maximum of 17 hours. This was cutting it pretty fine, actually we had no choice but to try for Brest. None of the others had fuel for more than 18 hours. After comparing figures and eliminating alternatives, Johnson gave the order to proceed to Brest at eight knots. We departed Belle Isle at daybreak in column led by #226, estimated time of arrival Brest 19:00 hours if nobody ran out of gas.

In retrospect I consider it a major blunder of the Navy to order six subchasers on a mission that when completed left them without further orders or fueling facilities. There seemed to be no realization among higher echelons of the facts of life where the subchasers were concerned. At Belle Isle we were definitely "up the creek without oars." This limited understanding prevailed until major subchaser operating bases were established at Corfu and at Plymouth.

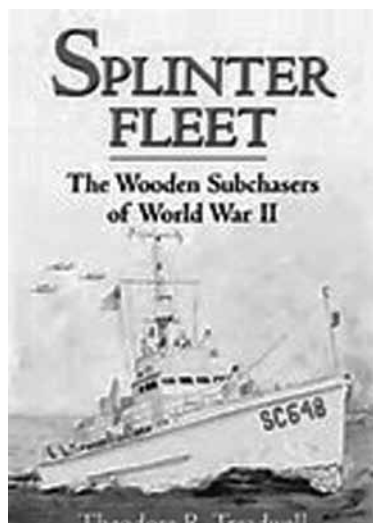
The weather was calm and hazy. The course laid by Johnson along the coast was from point to point. The first leg was a stretch of 70 nautical miles to Penrnarchc Pointe. Here we were fired on by a French shore battery. As the range was maximum for their guns and the gunnery poor, no hits were registered. Our only identification was the American flag flying from the antenna mast aft. What they evidently thought they saw was a column of enemy submarines on the surface.

In the afternoon four flying boats bearing British markings came toward us at low altitude. They evidently had the same idea. At the time we were off the Pointe de Raz in water shallower than any self respecting submarine would dare use. In spite of our inability to reply to their original challenge, they sheered off without attacking. Maybe they recognized the United States flag or concluded we were a new type of friendly patrol craft, which is exactly what we were.

The Rade de Brest, one of the finest protected anchorages in the world, is five miles wide and offers no navigational hazards for even the deepest draft ships. The sun at 2000 hours was still well above the western horizon. In the Port du Commerce we found the covered pier that flew an American flag and bore the sign "Port Director." We had barely enough gas remaining to run the generators for another 24 hours."



So they had made it across the Atlantic, with the dangerous leg actually the shorter headed south the 630nm to Bermuda. The 90mph of wind speed recorded would have been a Beaufort 12 event, a strong Category 1 hurricane, listed as producing large waves over 14 meters/46', air filled with foam, sea white with foam and driving spray, little visibility, with those 110-footers in the middle, no weather reports, radar, sat-nav.



A Short History of the WWI Subchaser

The class of vessel known as the "Sub-chaser" originated during World War I. In 1916 the United States was still neutral but during that summer two German submarines visited the US and shortly after leaving audaciously sank five ships. This galvanized the Navy into action. Spurred by a young Assistant Secretary of the Navy named Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Navy undertook its own design for an effective antisubmarine vessel.

Just as in the second World War, steel was scarce, as was the capacity of big shipbuilding yards already fully contracted to build destroyers and other larger ships. Roosevelt invoked naval architects to come up with a suitable design for a subchaser made of wood. The idea was to build them quickly in small boatyards, using people with the necessary skills in wooden boat construction to get the job done.

A naval architect, Albert Loring Swasey, was commissioned by Roosevelt to design a subchaser that would have the seaworthiness and the endurance necessary to be effective against the U boats. Swasey came up with a triple screwed vessel 110' long with a 16' beam, powered by three Standard six cylinder, 220hp gasoline driven engines. The popular view was that a subchaser should be very fast but Swasey disagreed, maintaining that extreme speed was not worth the price in the sacrifice of seaworthiness, cruising range and comfort. Despite a storm of criticism from shipbuilders who anticipated speeds of at least 30 or 40 knots, he went ahead with preparations to have the boats built with a top speed of 17 knots and a cruising range of 1,000 miles. He designed a bow flare similar to that of a big whaleboat with its hull cut off at the water line aft, a design unsurpassed for sea work since the time of the Vikings.

The SC-1 class subchaser had a displacement of 85 tons and a complement of two officers and 24 enlisted men. The armament consisted of two 3"/23-caliber guns and two machine guns. Later on a depth charge projector or Y-gun was substituted for the after 3" gun and it proved to be the most effective antisubmarine weapon of all. There being no electronic sonar in those days the vessels were equipped with underwater hydrophones for detecting engine and propeller noises.

By the time the war ended 440 SC-1 class subchasers had been completed and placed into service. **One hundred were sold to France and another 121 craft manned by American crews crossed the Atlantic under their own power, refueling at sea from tankers accompanying or being escorted.** The subchasers in Europe operated in the approaches to Britain and France and in the Mediterranean and those in the United States combined with destroyers in operations off the east coast against the U boats.

The gallant little SCs of WWI ranged far and wide, completing missions as far

north as Archangel, Russia, inside the Arctic Circle. Many SCs were captained by enthusiastic amateur yachtsmen with Ivy League backgrounds and the same air of informality and relaxed discipline as seen on SCs of WWII. Officers and crew were a close knit group, almost to a man recruited from the Naval Reserve. The small size of the ships and the informal, non conformist ways of their men earned them the label "Cinderellas of the Fleet" and "Splinter Fleet." They were a hardy lot. At sea the conditions were grueling, uncomfortable, and definitely not for the fainthearted. The constant pounding, rolling and pitching of the vessels was unrelenting and unforgiving.

The history and performance of the World War I subchasers has been debated by historians. One source says the SC-1 class subchaser was the most important weapon of the war and credits them with destroying 40% of the U boats sunk in the war. Another source takes a diametrically opposite view, saying, "The submarine chasers never fulfilled the hopes placed in them and never achieved a single kill." Nevertheless everyone is in agreement that they were an effective anti submarine deterrent.

In an operation in 1918 known as the "Otranto Barrage" a dozen or so American subchasers helped keep the U boats bottled up in the Adriatic, unable to escape to the open sea to press their attacks. By denying the Germans the offensive power of their U boats at this critical stage the Otranto Barrage was perhaps the greatest single contribution of the subchasers in World War I. And on October 2, 1918, 11 SC-1s blew up enemy mines in the Austrian harbor of Durazzo, thus insuring their role in the only general naval engagement by the American navy in the war.

A few individuals have focused sharply on World War I subchasers. They actively solicit and encourage the exchange of information, photos, drawings, stories and memorabilia about these first generation "Cinderellas of the Fleet." One of them is Franklyn K. Brown of Holbrook, Massachusetts, who has built a heavily researched and highly accurate 1/4"=1' (1:48) scale model of a WWI subchaser. Mr Brown's email address: Fkbrown90@aol.com

WWI Subchaser Links

The Subchaser Archives: Documents and stories of the subchasers in WWI

Whitby III, Brooklyn, New York: description and photo of *Vaud J. II* party fishing boat, formerly SC 409

Minesweeping tale of high seas surfaces with trunk: A story about WWI subchasers with photo of SC 403

Miss Toronto Sets the World Speed Record...: 1923 Richard Beckman painting showing SC-64

Submarine Patrol (1938): Description of movie "Submarine Patrol"

The Subchaser Archives Notes

The Newsletter of The Subchaser Archives

When the wind doesn't blow, which is all too common on the Chesapeake in the summertime, we shallow water sailors need some way to move our boats. In addition to oars, a paddle or a yuloh, most of us have some kind of outboard. A few of us have old outboards and some of them are really old (on my Potter I use a little Evinrude that's almost 50 years young). If you think about how few hours a year we actually run our outboards, compared to driving our cars, we ought to be able to keep all of them, old or new, running reliably for many, many years and many nautical miles. With a little care and attention this is very possible.

For the past couple of years I have been caring for the Upper Bay Museum's old engine collection. We've been bringing our old and antique outboard motors out of storage one by one and cleaning them up and then we try to get them running. I'm not sure how old our oldest motor is but I have worked on some that are getting pretty close to 100 years old. Amazingly enough, even though they have been in storage for years, maybe even decades, once we dusted them off and fed them some fresh gas and oil they started right up and ran. Why is this?

Well, a small outboard is more like an old John Deere than a high performance sports car engine. They're pretty basic and they're designed to start up and run reliably under pretty adverse conditions. Like the farmers, watermen bought these contraptions to gain an edge on their competition or just to make it a little easier to keep working out on the Bay as they got older. And like the tractors, the old outboards were designed for rough handling and to be serviced by the same folks who bought them.

As tough as these antique outboards are, I believe that the "good old" outboards, the two cycle outboards built in the 1950s and later, are even better and that they can run reliably and remain useful just as long. These old motors, and our more modernized good old outboards, are not real finicky when a few basic conditions for fuel and lubrication are met.

If you feel that your outboard motor is "sensitive," finicky, just plain unreliable or it doesn't start right up after a couple of pulls, there is probably some adjustment or a simple repair that you can make to get it back to its original, very reliable condition. If your motor is working well and getting you home, then good! It's doing what it was designed to do and you're doing whatever it needs to keep it that way.

Hopefully you will still learn a couple of things from this article to keep it running forever or maybe what to do if something bad does happen and it decides to quit running. But even if you have a brand new, super reliable Honda, I'd like to offer a few simple things that you can do, even if you never want to become a mechanic, to help your outboard give you many years of faithful service. And hopefully it, too, will become a "good old outboard" someday.

What can I do to keep a good motor running well? Here is my short list of basic outboard rules to help ensure that it has a long, useful life:

Never turn an engine backwards. Only turn the engine flywheel clockwise, the way the recoil starter turns it. It's possible to permanently damage the water pump impeller (maybe requiring replacement) if you turn it backwards.

Never shift an engine without turning the flywheel or the prop. Never force the shift

Your Good Old Outboard And How to Help It Get Older

By Jerry Culik

Reprinted from the *Shallow Water Sailor*

lever. Never shift a running engine unless it's operating at idle speed or at least very slowly. Don't "baby" the shifter. Bring the motor speed down and then shift positively. This helps the transmission "clutch dogs" live a much longer life. Never shift from forward to reverse (or the opposite) without pausing in neutral.

Use fresh gas. Check the oil in the gear-box once in a while, and if your engine is a four cycle, check the crankcase oil once a day. Never ever operate a two cycle engine without oil in the gas. Even if you have to use the wrong oil (and only in an emergency) or with the wrong proportion (more, within reason, is always OK), make sure there's oil in the gas to lubricate the moving parts.

Never ever run a motor without cooling water. Only run it on the boat, in a bucket or with "muffs" and a hose. And never continue to run an engine if you're not sure it is cooling properly. If you can't see the engine "peeing," carefully feel the area around the crankcase near the spark plugs. If it's hot to the touch, then it's too hot and you should shut the motor down, let it cool and figure out what's clogged or broken (and you did put oil in the gas, right?).

By far the major cause of long term damage in outboards is lack of lubrication. Second, while some of the older motors are more sensitive than the newer outboards, none of our motors, whether old or new, are happy with the ethanol that's now blended into our gas. And finally, no outboard likes to take a bath. Let's address each of these problems one by one.

Let's assume that you have an older two cycle outboard, the kind where you mix oil into the gas. Whenever I look at a "locked up" motor, many times I find that someone, perhaps not savvy on how to fuel a two cycle engine, has put raw gas into the tank with no oil and run it until it stops (the other big cause of a locked up motor is that it went for a swim in the Bay, but more on that later). If you catch the error soon enough you might (if you're really lucky and haven't gone far) save the engine. If the engine seizes and shuts down, you might still be able to put the correct fuel mix into the engine and it will run. But operating a two cycle engine without oil in the gas is usually fatal.

It seems obvious, but ALWAYS add oil to the fuel if you have a two cycle. Two cycle engine oils contain a dye, it might be green, red or blue. But if the gas stored in your spill-proof gas can is clear or near clear, don't keep it anywhere near a two cycle engine. Whatever amount of oil your manual specifies, you can always add more and help your engine live longer. There was a period in the '80s when some outboard manufacturers specified 100/1 gas/oil ratios, but those same manufacturers starting replacing the stickers to say 50/1 when too many motors came back for warranty service.

If the manual for your good old motor says 50/1, you can probably bump it up to

25/1 (that is, 5 ounces of oil per gallon of gas) and only see a little more exhaust smoke. Our older vintage engines want even more oil than that and we consider extra oil to be cheap insurance. We don't foul the spark plugs anymore, even with the extra lubrication, because the two cycle oil that we use today is much better and burns much cleaner. Just make sure that you use marine grade TCW3 ("twocycle watercooled") oil, NOT chainsaw oil. Unless your motor is still under some kind of warranty, the low cost TCW3 outboard oil from WalMart is good enough and saves you some money.

To comply with emission requirements, carbureted two cycle outboards were not sold in the US after 2005 and we don't have to worry about mixing oil into the fuel anymore. But you should check the oil level in the crankcase of your newer four cycle outboard every time you go out, especially if you have transported the motor on its side. When you are out on the water for a multiday voyage, check the oil level at least once a day (before you start in the morning, while everything is cold, is a good time). In your onboard tool kit carry some extra oil and a funnel if you will need it. Make sure that you don't overfill the crankcase, know where the correct level is. And change the oil at least once a year, at the end of the season. This will get all the unburned gas and water vapor out of the crankcase before winter storage.

Older outboards were designed and built before we started to get gasoline with ethanol blended in. The rubber seals in the older engines seem to really hate ethanol and you should always use ethanol free gas in them. Many marinas will still carry ethanol free marine gas, it's a bit more expensive but how much do we use in a season? If you don't already have a local supplier of ethanol free gas you can try using one of the online sites like www.gasbuddy.com or www.puregas.org to find one. I carry my gas cans up to Lancaster County to fill them, the Amish farmers need ethanol free gas for many of their older engines and chainsaws.

If I suspect that the carburetor seals have been damaged by blended gas, then whenever I rebuild a carburetor the new seals I use will be ethanol resistant. But even if you have a newer engine or your outboard has a rebuilt carburetor (so you don't have to worry about the O rings and seals), I still recommend that you use ethanol free gas, ethanol absorbs moisture which eventually causes other carburetion problems. If you do use gas with ethanol blended in, try to use it up fairly quickly. And you can use one of the additives designed to help mitigate the ethanol problems. Drain out unused gas and put it in your car if you don't use it up in three or four months. And run the carburetor dry when you store the boat for winter storage. Use fresh gas whenever you can, once again, it's cheap insurance.

We all run our motors in salt water. The only difference is how brackish it is. If lack of lubrication is the quick motor killer, then lack of rinsing the motor is the longer term disease. Motors are made of aluminum, with some steel here and there, and aluminum and salt don't get along. Eventually its cooling "arteries" get clogged and then, at the very least, replace your sacrificial anode once every year or two, even if it still looks good. DON'T paint under the anode and make sure that you've got a nice, clean aluminum surface before you bolt the new anode down.

If your motor is small enough, put it into painter's bucket of fresh water when you get home and run the motor a few minutes. That will get a lot of the salt water out of the cooling passages, or at least dilute it. If your motor has a flush port, use that. If the motor ingested any mud or sand (like when you brought the boat onto the beach or into the ramp before retrieving), you'll flush that stuff out, too, before it turns to concrete inside the engine.

Check the gearbox oil once in a while. If the gear oil is "milky" looking, then water is getting in. Check the fill/vent plug seals which might be leaking. Drain and refill the gearbox with fresh gear oil. Hopefully that fixes the problem. At the end of the season drain the oil and check for water. If you find any it might be time to rebuild the gearbox seals. Before you put the motor away for the season, refill the gearbox with fresh oil. And if you have a four cycle outboard, change the crankcase oil also at the end of the season. And it's good to pull the spark plugs and fog the cylinders and powerhead with a lubricant like WD40.

When the worst thing happens... If your motor ever falls into the drink or your boat is swamped, you will have to take some immediate actions to save it. First off, as soon as you retrieve the motor try to dry it off as best you can. Pull the spark plug wires off and turn it over manually slowly to see if it's locked up. Hopefully this will clear out any water that got into the intake and cylinders. When it cranks over normally ("thunk, thunk" as you turn it over with the plugs in), then try to start it. If it starts, then run it awhile, maybe with some extra oil in the gas. Consider yourself one lucky sailor!

If it doesn't start right up pull out the spark plugs and use a water displacing oil like WD40 to fog the cylinders (you keep some in your toolkit, right?). Try to shoot more WD40 into the carburetor intake while turning the engine over (with the plugs out of the engine and avoid touching the spark plug cable just in case the ignition is dry enough to fire). Your goal is to get the water out and to coat all the insides, including the delicate reed valves, with the WD40 lubricant. Dry the ignition and as much of the carburetor as you can. After you've taken care of the insides, spray WD40 liberally on the outside of the engine, including the ignition and the carburetor. If it's a four cycle outboard, drain and refill the crankcase oil. Then you can take a break and a couple of deep breaths.

Now dry and put the plugs back in, wipe off and connect the spark plug wires and try to start the motor. If you're lucky the engine fires up and you're back in business. Run the motor a while to burn off the WD40 and get everything lubricated with engine oil. If it is a two cycle motor, add a little extra oil to the fuel mix. If the motor doesn't start the ignition might need more drying out or there might be water inside the carburetor. Leave the engine out in the sun for a couple of hours and then try to start it. If that doesn't get it going, then get your manual out and do some troubleshooting on the ignition and then the carburetor. If the motor is not "locked up" but turns over, and you get enough WD40 inside the engine, then it's highly likely that you will get your engine running again. Remember, it's designed to run in tough, wet conditions, just not underwater.

If you want more information, or some encouragement when the worst thing happens, try looking at what one of the old

engine experts had to say when his motor took a swim at: www.leeroyramblings.com/Submerged_outboard.htm.

When we bring a museum engine out of storage, the first thing we check for is "spark." We pull out the spark plug or plugs, reconnect the cable and short the base of the plug to the motor and then give a pull or two on the starter cord. Our experience, incredible as it may seem, is that we usually get a nice blue spark, even on the oldest motors, IF the motor has been stored in a dry place. But even if the motor doesn't have a spark there are only a few things that can go wrong, but you will need a few more tools and some information on how to get at the ignition, and maybe even some parts. Older outboards usually have a magneto ignition system. That means there is a coil and points and a condenser that generates the spark at the plug. Once in a while the coils fail. More typically the problem is a lot simpler, the spark plug wire or the insulation is broken or the points might be coated with oxide or oil. Or even a mud wasp nest!

One big problem we all have with our good old outboards is that outboard shops and mechanics usually do not want to work on any motor that's more than about ten years old (there's more money in warranty work or in high horsepower outboards). If you do find a mechanic who will take a look at your motor, don't be too surprised if the estimate to repair it is more than what the motor is worth on craigslist, shop time runs close to \$100 per hour these days. What can we do?

You don't have to give up and buy a new motor, at least not right away. If you have a good, but old, outboard that was built after 1960 and something does break, there are many resources to help get them back to work. First off, there is a lot of information on the internet. Try googling your motor and the problem and chances are you'll find some links to help you diagnose and even fix the problem. Many times you can even find a YouTube video showing what to do.

The Antique Outboard Motor Club (www.aomci.org) has a lot of excellent resources in their magazine and archives if you have a really old antique motor like the ones in our museum. But if you have a motor that they would define as "collectable" (typically built in the '50s or later, aka, our "good old motors"), much useful information is being shared in real time on their "Ask a Member" forum (aomci.org/forum). You will have to become an AOMC member to post a question but you can read and search the forum for free. The AOMC website also lists their meets, which are always good places to find parts, motors and advice and maybe even someone who likes to work on your good old motor.

In addition to the AOMC, there are a number of individuals and businesses that cater to do it yourselfers and to the small scale mechanics (like me!). One of the best of these is MarineEngine.com. On their website you can find many pages of useful information such as service books and online parts diagrams. And they are a very good supplier for parts. If you have a good old Evinrude or Johnson outboard that might be the only stop you ever need to make. I also regularly check craigslist's "Boats" listing for motors that might be good parts donors, that's usually the lowest cost solution for the harder to find parts.

More Resources and References: To learn more about "good old" outboards, what to look for and how to keep them running, the VERY BEST book to buy is *Cheap Outboards* by Max Wawrzyniak. You can purchase it from Duckworks Supply at www.duckworks.com/media/books.htm. Wawrzyniak's chapters describing servicing for the OMC ignition and gearbox are classics and he gives excellent guidance on what old motors to look for and how to evaluate them before you buy them. My only criticism of this book, which was published in 2006, is that it is getting a bit dated and does not address any of the "modern" models that were manufactured after 1980 (they appeared to be contrary to Wawrzyniak's definition of "cheap" back then, due mainly to their electronic ignitions). If you don't want to buy the book you can still read his articles on good old outboards at www.duckworksmagazine.com/06/columns/max/articles.htm.

One of the best online sources of information for good old outboards is Leeroy Wisner's website, "Leeroy's Ramblings," www.leeroyramblings.com. As the title of his website suggests, some of the articles are lengthy but in return he provides plenty of details and photos for maintaining and repairing several of the smaller, common OMC outboards. He has written lots of stories about his adventures with running and fixing old outboards. And he has useful information on buying, repairing and caring for good old outboards that span the "modernized" Johnson/Evinrude as well as a few other brands.

If you have a good old motor, or I have convinced you to find a good old motor for your boat, you will want a few more resources to help keep it running. And here are some of the best and most useful to me: first, search the internet and YouTube with your specific motor and horsepower and you will find many sources of information and knowhow. Next, for online parts drawings of postwar OMC motors, hard copy OEM service manuals and discounted OEM and aftermarket parts go to www.marineengine.com/.

If you want a service manual to help when you work on your outboard, check your library, used book store or Amazon for the Clymer shop books. If you have an OMC motor, look for *Evinrude/Johnson Outboard Shop Manual, 1.5125HP, 19561972 (B734)*; *E/J Outboard Shop Manual, 240HP, 19731990 (B732)*; or *E/J Outboard Shop Manual, 270HP, 19952007 (B7352)*. The second of these manuals (B732) spans OMC's transition to the "modern" engines with their electronic ignitions and it might be the most useful of the three. Like the old Clymer manuals that covered multiple years and models, SELOC also publishes a series of manuals that cover the various makes and years. And if you need them, you can get copies of shop manuals for specific engines from www.maxrules.com/fixmanuals.php.



Pardon the pun, but my previous article about "Music and Boats" ended on a bad note. My folk singer and car pooling friend who introduced me to so many of his singer songwriter colleagues had to end his career because of arthritis in his hands. You may remember that I said playing the guitar was an extreme case of "working with your hands." You can imagine how surprised I was, then, to see that he was coming down from Maine to give a concert at our local Nature Center where I'd heard him play so many times before. Molly and I showed up and he was just as good as he ever was, giving all the credit to his hand surgeon. Last summer my friend even bought a Blue Jay and took up sailing. Sometimes life's changes are for the better.

Music hit my radar again when I was reading one of the boating publications featuring the upcoming Miami Beach Boat Show. Show organizers had apparently secured a music license from the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers that would allow individual exhibitors to play music on their boats and in their tents, booths or whatever. NMMA staff was to "monitor all music and have the authority to adjust the volume as necessary."

This made me very curious about what kind of music these boat sales experts would select to enhance the chances of selling an expensive boat. I've sold a lot of boats in my day but haven't a clue about what kind of music goes with which customer or whether some musical genre is best overall. Common sense would say that oligarchs with imperial aspirations would like trumpet flourishes like the triumphal march from the opera *Aida* perhaps, while maybe the ultra dignified would prefer Beethoven quartets.

I'm inclined to think that if music is needed to try to sell a boat it probably is not all that much of a boat, but that's probably not the case. More important, perhaps, is that silence is viewed as a wasted opportunity so now we seem to have audio everywhere. Whether it's music or just noise depends on one's personal perspective.

For years I've been a judge at Mystic Seaport's Annual Rendezvous in late July, and for a judge one highlight is a ride on the steamship *Sabino* which leads the Sunday boat parade. For as long as I can remember a fine Dixieland band plays old timey tunes up on the top deck. The band members seem to be the same guys, just growing older, and always playing just as well. They add a lot to the sense of celebration and the parade (where the floats really do float) wouldn't be the same without them.

It's all very appropriate because *Sabino* is over 100 years old, dating back to times before recorded and amplified music. Obvi-

Music and Boats Part II

By Boyd Mefferd

ously all music then was live, and if musicians weren't hired there'd be no music. Instrument manufacturers and retailers flourished and sheet music was a big deal. How different it is now. I'm sure that most of the exhibitors in Miami could afford live performers, but is it likely that any will have them? It's a nice touch when it happens. I remember going to the opening of a show of photographs from the 1930s at the Getty Museum in Los Angeles and over in one corner was a young couple doing a good job with Woody Guthrie songs.

As far as I know, I've never sold a boat to anyone who makes his or her living from music. The closest I ever got was one Saturday in May of 1989 when someone called saying that he had a few hours to kill before giving a concert and could he stop out and see our boats? I didn't get his name on the phone. I said "sure, we're open," and was quite surprised when a big limo pulled up and a tall man with a long beard got out. He introduced himself as Billy Gibbons and asked if I had ever heard of ZZ Top?

Being able to lie at key moments apparently is a skill I never acquired, so I said no. That apparently didn't bother him much and he seemed to be quite interested in the boats. At one point he said that he really didn't know anything about wooden boats but he knew a lot about wooden instruments and in some ways they probably were the same. He stayed about an hour while the limo waited and in parting graciously asked if he could leave eight front row tickets to his sold out concert that evening at the Hartford Civic Center for me and for a friend who was working on the boats that day?

My daughter was 12 at the time and excitedly asked if she could invite one of her friends to join us? The friend's mother heard "concert" and "Hartford" and said no. My daughter was so taken aback she decided that maybe she shouldn't go either. I was tired from working all day, so I told my friend to take his family and go without me. The problem was that the tickets were in my name and the Civic Center people wouldn't release them to him. Oh well.

I usually enjoyed giving "tours" of the boatyard and generally didn't know all that much about the people who showed up. I tried to treat everyone the same regardless of whether they were "qualified" (the Miami Beach Boat Show term) or not. From time to

time we'd have some good things that would attract the attention of the rich and famous. Once in a while I'd notice that my visitor was working harder to subtly run down each boat than I was to build it up and assumed that he (it was always a "he") was a high level sales professional and just couldn't help himself.

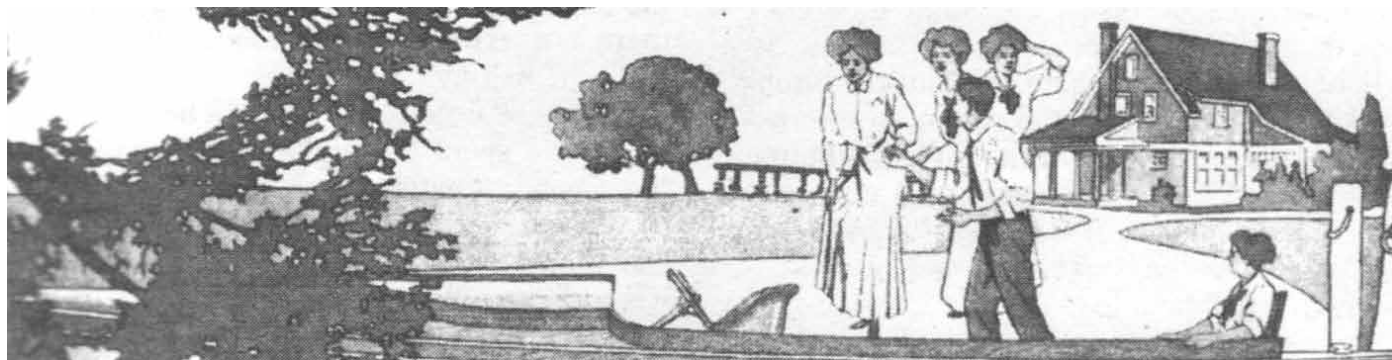
One of my boat restorer colleagues has worked with more than his share of the billionaire class and has a rule that he will not speak to their "people," the assistants or underlings. He tells these business giants that if antique boats are their hobby, then they should enjoy their hobby themselves and want to work personally with him. If they are too busy or too important to pursue their hobby, then probably they are too busy or too important to have a hobby. It works for him and these people who are not used to being spoken to in that manner usually found it refreshing.

I realize that I have gotten a little far from "music" at this point, but once in a while there are prominent people in music who are simply addicted to boats, and while they are primarily famous for music, still stand out in antique boat circles. Kate Smith, who was famous for singing *God Bless America* and lots of other songs that are now standards, had a magnificent "camp" on Lake Placid in the Adirondacks. There was a huge boathouse with many stalls and a big open ballroom above them. The stalls were full of runabouts, launches and the like and once in a while a boat would come on the market that supposedly belonged to her. Her place was called "Camp Carolina" and in her day was accessed only by water or over the ice in winter.

A customer of ours owned the adjacent property and as "Camp Carolina" passed through a number of owners, he refused to sell a right of way through his land to connect to the town road. Finally one owner was in financial trouble and my customer swooped in and bought the camp. The bulldozer was at work making the road the day after the closing.

No little article about music and boats would be complete without mention of Guy Lombardo, the famous band leader and boat nut who owned many spectacular fast boats, including *Skol*, later *Tempo*, a 1939 31' Fitzgerald and Lee open runabout. At a time when lots of musicians had to have "day jobs," music was Lombardo's day job (probably often went very late into the evenings) and boats were his passion.

I've been lucky enough to know some musicians who earned a living from their art but either they were never bitten by the boat bug or life was simply too busy with travel and performance to find much time for a hobby or recreation. As is the case with my friend from Maine, maybe later in life they'll start to find out what boating is all about.



The entrance light for the channel into Shell Point is privately maintained. A while back the entire setup (light, battery, solar panel, etc) was replaced. The light stops working every so often and the problem seems to be the birds that land on it and leave their deposits behind on the solar panel. Someone has to go out and clean the solar panel to get things working again. At one time there was no light at the end of the channel and local knowledge was critical to finding the channel in the dark. Local knowledge is still important as the light can be "lost" in the background shore lights if approached at the wrong angle.

As those of you who go out after dark know, depth perception is not all that accurate. Our powerboat, which was on station as a race committee boat, was almost hit one night by a sailboat coming in to finish the race. The skipper saw our anchor light but did not realize how close he was. If I had not seen the boat coming out of the dark and shown my spotlight down the anchor rode to give another point of reference, our boat would have been hit. Add a bit of fog and things really get interesting. A friend hit the Shell Point entrance channel marker because he did not realize how close he was (scraped the paint on the side of the boat) with the limited visibility.

Included in the depth perception equation is where is the helmsman looking? Most of us tend to look ahead (and a bit to both sides of the bow) and not up. If a sailboat is anchored with a masthead anchor light it will be seen early on, but unless the helmsman looks up from time to time that light will no longer be in his area of vision.

Running lights can also affect night vision if they reflect back toward the cockpit. The overhead forward mast light can shine down on the foredeck if arrangements are not made to shield the light. Our Sisu 26 had a forward white light on top of the cabin. This light illuminated the foredeck and caused visibility problems. The solution was a Perko "Glare Shield" secured below the light on the short tube that held the light up above the cockpit top. The shield worked quite nicely and the foredeck was in the resulting shadow, much to the relief of the person at the helm.

The wiring for the running lights on both our Sisu 22 and Sisu 26 was in the open as far as access went. Unlike some of the boats we have owned (and I have worked on for others) one could trace and get to any part of the wiring runs with little problem. The running light system also had its own fuse box for the connections. Any one of the lights could short out and the rest would keep burning.

To make this happen, a single wire was run from the main fuse panel to the secondary



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

open fuse panel on the bulkhead inside the wiring area of the boat. When the switch was thrown for the running lights, all the lights lit. The only time the secondary fuse box was needed was when one of the lights went out for some reason (usually corrosion of the wiring connection at the light). Granted the setup violated the KISS rule but it was a handy arrangement from time to time.

If a boat has an electric fuel pump, a separate switch for it on the dashboard would be useful. The reason for the separate switch is to turn off the pump if something goes wrong with the engine. The engine can stop for a number of reasons and the fuel pump will keep working until the ignition is turned off. With a busted fuel line the pump would keep pumping and fuel could be sprayed over the hot engine. The ability to turn off the fuel pump enables making repairs, checking wiring, etc, without fuel considerations. Once the problem is identified and fixed the pump can be turned back on and the engine started.

At one point I had a separate switch for the auxiliary fuel pump on our gasoline engined powerboat (165hp MercCruiser in a 16' hull). The two part rubber fuel hose (behind a solid fiberglass gunwale support down the length of the boat) had started to collapse and the suction from the engine fuel pump at higher rpms would complete the collapse. By using the auxiliary pump at the tank, I could push the fuel through to the engine when I was running the boat on a plane. It was easier (and less expensive) than cutting in and replacing the factory installed fuel line. At idle or low speed the auxiliary pump was turned off. On our Sisu 22 I had to add an electric fuel pump and put the switch inside the cabin. If someone stole the boat, they would not get very far before the fuel in the line to the engine ran out.

Both our Sisu 22 and Sisu 26 had two batteries. One was the starting battery and the other was the "house" battery. One of our earlier boats had a single battery to start the Universal Utility Four engine and power the CB radio and the running lights. A problem developed with the electric power surge when the engine was started and the CB was on. My solution was a small motorcycle battery to run the CB and the anchor light rather than wir-

ing in some filters/shields to protect the CB when starting the engine. The small battery went home with us and was recharged with a trickle charger. This was a rather inexpensive and workable solution to the problem. When I had to use both batteries on the Sisu 26 to start the 100hp Westerbeke diesel, I would turn off the VHF radio and GPS, just in case.

Thirty some years ago when we had the sailboat with the Universal Utility Four engine, I purchased a small Honda motorcycle battery for the CB and other "electronics" on the boat. Today, if one has access to a Neuton electric lawnmower with a bad battery, the battery box can be taken apart and checked to see which of the batteries is bad. The Neuton uses a 24volt motor to do its lawn mowing. The 24volts is created by two 12volt batteries wired in series. If one of the two is still good, it is a 12volt battery for use as needed, after adjusting for amperage required. If the above brings memories of wiring 6volt batteries (they were cheaper) in series to give 12volts, please remember that there is usually more than one way to get things done.



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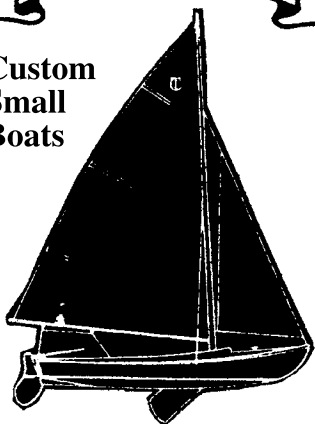


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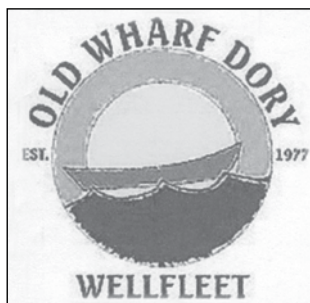
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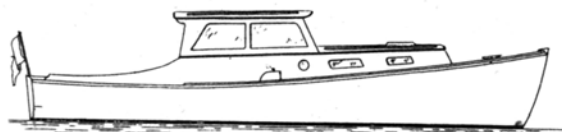


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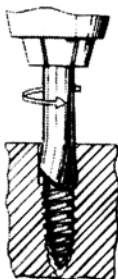
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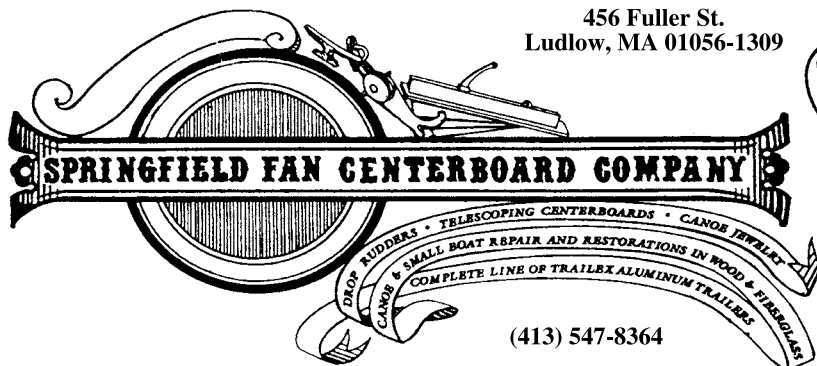
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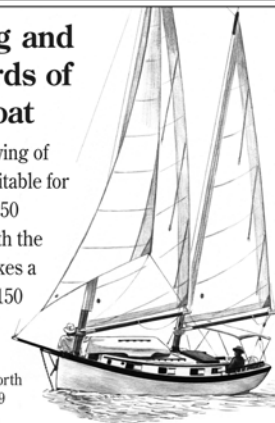
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Hobie Cat 16, in gd shape for sailing or as gd parts source for another project. \$625 delivered within 100 miles or save \$100 and pick it up yourself. HAL ZIEGLER, New Milford, CT, (860) 354-0064. (6)

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For Sale at Stevens Canoe Works, three canoes: Ca 1920 **Kingsbury Courting Canoe**, the real thing, a Charles River Courting Canoe made in Weston, MA by Alden Kingsbury. The 48" decks and all the other trim are of Honduran mahogany with 7 coats of Captain's varnish. The exterior is finished in Epifanes deep red enamel w/a gold pinstripe along the side. Restored here in 2013. It has been in the water a few times and it paddles as good as it looks. This is the perfect canoe to take your favorite lady out in for a romantic day on the Charles River. Available for \$5,500. **1960s Chestnut Pal**, just in time for the 2018 Assembly where the featured canoes will be Chestnut. The Pal is the 16' Pleasure model that appeared in the Chestnut catalog starting in the 1950s and was very popular until they closed up shop in 1979. This newer Pal is off the enlarged form and is a little wider and deeper than the earlier Pals, making for a very steady canoe. Restored here in 2015 and has not been in the water since. A great canoe for day trips or for multi day expeditions. It is finished in Interlux Fire Red, guaranteed to stand out in any gathering. This Pal is available for \$2,100. Everyone needs a good Pal. **2015 Stevens Sweet Sixteen**, brand new, fresh out of the box, this sixteen footer is ready for a lifetime of adventure. The Sweet Sixteen canoe is made from lines taken off a Peterborough model 44 all wood canoe and is a joy to paddle. It is 31" wide w/a little rocker, perfect for maneuvering narrow streams as well as a trip around the pond. Equipped with a shoe keel & finished in Epifanes deep red w/a gold pin stripe. This canoe has never been in the water, available at \$3,500.

STEVE LAPEY, Groveland MA, (978) 374-1104 for details & pictures. stevelapey@comcast.net (6)



Classic Boat, Motor & Trailer: '56 Penn Yan Dynamold 14, well maintained & stored indoors, w/restored original Montgomery Ward trlr & '56 Johnson Seahorse 7-1/2hp o/b. Dry boat; bottom sheathed in Dynel & epoxy. Ready for use or show. \$1,600 firm. Also for sale, '86 Johnson 15hp o/b \$200. Both motors come w/tanks & ran when last stored but probably need attention. B. BIDWELL, Narrowsburg, NY, (845) 252-6853. (6)

Ocean Kayaks, 16'6"x23" Sea Lution XL w/foot operated rudder, also 14'6"x24" kayak. Both yellow w/spray covers and in vy gd cond. Around \$400ea. Really want to sell these. Delivery in northern NE possible. VAL THOMPSON, Edgcomb, ME, (207) 882-7637. (5)



2 Unique, One-of-a-Kind Vessels: '60 Lyman 13, o/b runabout w/trlr, no motor. In great shape at 57 years old. I girdled the bottom & transom w/luan lapstrakes & 5200 fillets for extra strength. Deck was abused, ugly plywood; now strip planked varnished lauan. Quite beautiful. \$500! **17' Family Boat,** picnic boat, fishing boat, whatever. Trlr & 2hp Johnson outboard thrown in. Got motor for free, so it goes for free. Boat made of treated plywood & pressure-treated pine framing. Deck covered w/indoor/outdoor carpet. Never felt a drop of rain, covered marine slips for 3-1/2 years. \$500. Now in my boat shed I am building wooden boats in retirement; my hobby, perhaps addiction. The extreme lowball prices are to support my hobby; I am not in the business. I love building wooden boats; let others enjoy them. FINN WILSTER, Piney Flats, TN, (423) 538-5292. (5)



14' "Short Sport", shortened version of Robb White's Sportboat. In 2009 Henry Champagney's article on the design and construction of this boat, was published in *MAIB*. We had previously built two of Robb's 16' Sport Boats. Henry corresponded with Robb about building a shorter version and as a result, we built 2 of these. Mine is for sale, it is a v'y nice boat, unique looking & great in the water. Planking is cypress w/2 layers of 6oz fg outside & 1 layer inside, using RAKA epoxy, w/a redwood pinstripe above the water line & the gunwales, frames & hardwood trim are Honduras mahogany. Incl a gd Yamaha 4hp, 4-stroke, low noise & low emission o/b & a gd road-going trlr. It is fair to say that this is one of a kind & used v'y gently. It probably has been out on the water a dozen times. It deserves a good home & someone who will use it. Located in Maryville, Tennessee. Priced at \$3,500. Request good color photos by email. MARTIN WALKER, Marysville, TN, (865) 254-3786, martin.walker1950@gmail.com (5)



6 Boats Counterclockwise from top left: **Boston Whaler Harpoon**, loa 14.6', fg w/trlr, foam sandwich construction reinforced at critical stress points. Completely unsinkable, self-bailing. Boat & trlr both nd work. \$750. **Catalina 16.5**, loa 16'4", beam 7", traditional sloop rigged daysailer w/main & genoa. Designed for 2 or more, w/trlr, 2hp Honda. \$4,500. **Sea Urchin**, loa 11'5", beam 4'4", Stimson Martine design, a stable good-looking skiff that rows & sails v'y well. \$450. **Bevin Skiff**, loa 12', beam 4.5', well built Alexander Seaport kit boat. \$450. **Beetle Cat**, loa 12'4", beam 6', fully restored w/new ribs, cb trunk, deck, transom & more, incl trlr. \$5,500. **Italian Canoe**, loa 13', beam 38", ca '30. Acquired in '45 from Taroni Boatyard, Italy. Imported in '94, used on Peconic Bay, NY. \$500. RAYMOND HARTJEN, East Hampton, NY, (631) 324-2490, rhartjen@hamptons.com (5)



12' Dinghy, hand-made wooden strip built, 4' beam. A solid boat built right w/fg & epoxy. Keelson strip my addition. Incl: fg & epoxied daggerboard & rudder, epoxy thickener & 15 extra cove & bead strips. Interior needs fairing off w/epoxy. Made from red pine, larch & mahogany creating a richly distinctive finish. Sacrifice at \$4,500. Contact jedbuildings@aol.com for explanation and description. More photos upon request. JED DONAHUE, Springville, NY (716) 592-7507. (5)

Classic Albin 27 Family Cruiser Trawler, fwd & aft cabins, full enclosed cockpit with windowed and screened bimini. Complete electronics: VHF w/ID, Furuno radar, sounder, Garmin GPS color chart plotter. LD28 Nissan 75H w/1300h, cruises at 8kts, 1.5g/h, 2 recent marine batt. Fwd cabin sleeps 2/ full cushions, Origo 2 burner stove, head w/shower & H&C pressure water (45g tank), plenty of storage & fwd cabin heater. Safe, reliable yacht that has circumnavigated New England, done Fundy 3X, & cruised extensively the coast of Maine. Now covered on a haul/launch HD trailer. Swim platform w/kicker bracket. Survey from 2015 available. \$25,000 reasonably firm before Spring launching, insurance & fitting out. Located in Cape Rosier, Maine. A. GLAZER, Cape Rosier, ME, (207) 326-8841, amh.ajg@gmail.com (5)

GEAR FOR SALE

Atomic 4 Engine, complete, suitable for rebuilding. \$500. LARRY DOW, York, ME, (207) 752-6345, sailsE32@aol.com (6)

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You would have thought we were introducing smallpox into his operation. On the other hand, he stands out in memory as being brilliant. We have subsequently discovered, elsewhere, that Canadians make wonderful paddles.

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